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THE ATHLETE'S



GARLAND

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The Athlete's Garland

οὐ μὲν γὰρ μείζον κλέος ἄνερος. ὄφρα κ' ἔησιν
ἢ ὅ τι ποσσὶν τε βέξῃ καὶ χερσὶν ἔησιν.

ODYSSEY, viii. 147-148

*For no fame may a man win better the while he hath
his life
Than from what his feet have accomplished, or his
hands amidst the strife.*

WILLIAM MORRIS'S TRANSLATION

The
Athlete's Garland

*A Collection of Verse of Sport
and Pastime*

Compiled by
Wallace Rice

Not uselessly employed
Might I pursue this theme through every change
Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

WORDSWORTH: *The Prelude*



Chicago
A. C. McClurg & Co.
1905

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TO
Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor.
IN ALL AFFECTION AND ESTEEM

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In conclusion it is pleasant to record that in this, the first attempt in any language to gather

together verses relating exclusively to athletic sports, there have been no refusals by either poets or publishers to permit the use of any lines bearing on the subject, so that such deficiencies as may be found to exist are due wholly to the compiler's failure to exhaust a most interesting and profitable topic, heretofore little considered.

WALLACE RICE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

February, 1905.

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THE ATHLETE'S GARLAND.

THE ATHLETE'S GARLAND.

BEFORE THE RACE.

THE impatient starter waxeth saturnine.

“Is the bell cracked?” he cries. They make
it sound:

And six tall lads break through the standers-
round.

I watch with Mary while they form in line;
White-jerseyed all, but each with some small
sign,

A broidered badge, or shield with painted
ground,

And one with crimson kerchief sash-wise
bound—

I think we know that token, neighbour mine.

Willie, they call you best of nimble wights;

Yet brutal Fate shall whelm in slippery
ways

Two soles at least. Will it be you she
spites?

Ah, well ! 'T is not so much to win the bays :
 Uncrowned or crowned, the struggle still de-
 lights ;

It is the effort, not the palm, we praise.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEPROY.

THE ATHLETE.

BETTER than Fame, is still the wish for Fame,
 The constant training for a glorious strife ;
 The Athlete, nurtured for the Olympian game,
 Gains strength at least for life.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

THE CRICKET BALL SINGS.

LEATHER — the heart of me, leather — the rind
 o' me,

Oh, but the soul of me 's other than that !
 Else, should I thrill as I do so exultingly
 Climbing the air from the thick o' the bat ?
 Leather — the heart o' me : ay, but in verity
 Kindred I claim with the sun in the sky.
 Heroes, bow all to the little red ball,
 And bow to my brother ball blazing on high.

*Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
 Shine in the hearts of my cricketers,
 shine ;*

*Fill them with gladness and might, good
Sun,
Touch them with glory, O Brother of
mine,
Brother of mine,
Brother of mine!
We are the lords of them, Brother and
Mate,
I but a little ball, thou but a Great!*

Give me the bowler whose fingers embracing me
Tingle and throb with the joy of the game,
One who can laugh at a smack to the boundary,
Single of purpose and steady of aim.
That is the man for me: striving in sympathy,
Ours is a fellowship sure to prevail.
Willow must fall in the end to the ball—
See, like a tiger I leap for the bail.

Give me the fieldsman whose eyes never stray
from me,
Eager to clutch me, a roebuck in pace:
Perish the unalert, perish the "buttery,"
Perish the laggard I strip in the race.
Grand is the ecstasy soaring triumphantly,
Holding the gaze of the meadow is grand,
Grandest of all to the soul of the ball
Is the finishing grip of the honest brown
hand.

Give me the batsman who squanders his force
 on me,

Crowding the strength of his soul in a stroke;
 Perish the muff and the little tin Shrewsbury,
 Meanly contented to potter and poke.

He who would pleasure me, he must do doughtily, —

Bruises and buffetings stir me like wine.

Giants, come all, do your worst with the ball,
 Sooner or later you 're mine, sirs, you 're mine.

*Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
 Shine in the hearts of my cricketers,
 shine;*

*Fill them with gladness and might, good
 Sun,*

*Touch them with glory, O Brother of
 mine,*

Brother of mine,

Brother of mine!

*We are the lords of them, Brother and
 Mate,*

I but a little ball, thou but a Great!

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS.

GOLF.

WHY Golf is Art and Art is Golf we have not
 far to seek —

So much depends upon the lie, so much upon
 the cleek.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

ATHLETIC ODE.

I HEAR a rumour and a shout,
A louder heart-throb pulses in the air.
Fling, Muse, thy lattice open, and beware
 To keep the morning out.
Beckon into the chamber of thy care
 The bird of healing wing
 That trilleth there
Blithe happy passion of the strong and fair.
Their wild heart singeth. Do thou also sing.
 How vain, how vain
The feeble croaking of a reasoning tongue
 That heals no pain
And prompts no bright deed worthy to be sung!
 Too soon cold earth
Refuses flowers. Oh, greet their lovely birth!
 Too soon dull death
Quiets the heaving of our doubtful breath.
 Deem not its worth
 Too high for honouring mirth;
 Sing while the lyre is strung,
And let the heart beat, while the heart is young.

When the dank earth begins to thaw and yield
The early clover, didst thou never pass
Some balmy noon from field to sunny field
And press thy feet against the tufted grass?
 So hadst thou seen
A spring palæstra on the tender green.
Here a tall stripling, with a woman's face,

Draws the spiked sandal on his upturned heel,
Sure-footed for the race;
Another hurls the quoit of heavy steel
And glories to be strong;
While yet another, lightest of the throng,
Crouching on tiptoe for the sudden bound,
Flies o'er the level race-course, like the hound,
And soon is lost afar;
Another jumps the bar,
For some god taught him easily to spring,
The legs drawn under, as a bird takes wing,
Till, tempting fortune farther than is meet,
At last he fails, and fails, and vainly tries,
And blushing, and ashamed to lift his eyes,
Shakes the light earth from his feet.
Him friendly plaudits greet
And pleasing to the unaccustomed ear.
Come then afield, come with the sporting year
And watch the youth at play,
For gentle is the strengthening sun, and sweet
The soul of boyhood and the breath of May.

And with the milder ray
Of the declining sun, when sky and shore,
In purple dressed and misty silver-grey,
Hang curtains round the day,
Come list the beating of the plashing oar,
For grief in rhythmic labour glides away.
The glancing blades make circles where they
dip, —
Now flash and drip
Cool wind-blown drops into the glassy river,

Now sink and cleave,
While the lithe rowers heave
And feel the boat beneath them leap and quiver.
The supple oars in time,
Shattering the mirror of the rippled water,
Fly, fly as poets climb,
Borne by the pliant promise of their rhyme,
Or as bewitched by Nereus' loveliest daughter
The painted dolphins, following along,
Leap to the measure of her liquid song.

But the blasts of late October,
Tempering summer's paling grief
With a russet glow and sober,
Bring of these sports the latest and the chief.
Then bursts the flame from many a smouldering
ember,

And many an ardent boy
Woos harsher pleasures sweeter to remember,
Hugged with a sterner and a tenser joy.

Look where the rivals come :
Each little phalanx on its chosen ground
Strains for the sudden shock, and all around
The multitude is dumb.

Come, watch the stubborn fight
And doubtful, in the sight
Of wide-eyed beauty and unstinted love.

Ay, the wise gods above,
Attentive to this hot and generous fray,
Smile on its fortunes and its end prepare,
For play is also life, and far from care
Their own glad life is play.

Ye nymphs and fauns, to Bacchus dear,
That woke Cithæron with your midnight rout,

Arise, arise and shout!

Your day returns, your haunt is here.

Shake off dull sleep and long despair;

There is intoxication in this air,

And frenzy in this yelping cheer.

How oft of old the enraptured Muses sung

Olympian victors' praise.

Lo! even in these days

The world is young.

Life like a torrent flung

For ever down

For ever wears a rainbow for a crown.

O idle sigh for loveliness outworn,

When the red flush of each unfailing morn

Floods every field and grove,

And no moon wanes but some one is in love.

O wasted tear,

A new soul wakes with each awakened year.

Beneath these rags, these blood-clots on the face,

The valiant soul is still the same, the same

The strength, the art, the inevitable grace,

The thirst unquenched for fame

Quenching base passion, the high will severe,

The long obedience, and the knightly flame

Of loyalty to honour and a name.

Give o'er, ye chords, your music ere ye tire,

Be sweetly mute, O lyre.

Words soon are cold, and life is warm for ever.

One half of honour is the strong endeavour,

Success the other, but when both conspire
Youth has her perfect crown, and age her old
desire.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

APRIL.

¶ APRIL, the month of sunshine flecked with showers, the month of birds and bards and buds and bowers, . . . now youths who feel the coming of the spring, their winter garments of repentance fling; . . . now, too, if Easter be a tardy comer, we see some sports that better suit the summer; now to the Queen's Club in successive surges from every quarter, lo, a crowd converges. . . . What care have they, although their forms they jam in a perspiring crowd, if they can talk of stamina, note every athlete's form, his length of stride, foretell the odd event and much beside, and quite forgetful of the hours that pass know each recorded time on path or grass?

¶ And oh, ye men of dark blue or of light blue (whiche'er ye wear be sure it is the right blue); ye distance men, ye hurdlers and ye sprinters, of pluck unsparing and of pace no stinters, ye who with arms outstretched or fingers grounded, started like greyhounds when the pistol sounded; ye jumpers who with all your young limbs twisted leaped at the bar and either struck or missed it; or sped as by an impulse of despair, flew like winged figures through the whistling

air, and with your eyes agleam, your chests expanded, cleared twenty feet or more before you landed,—ye men of spikes, in short, whom Fame pursues garbed in your full or in your semi-blues, take it from me, ye much-enduring boys, that life can bring you no superber joys than when, released from tutors and from deans, you swiftly run or greatly jump at Queen's.

¶ Now sixteen youngsters in their pride of muscle prepare at Putney for a fearful tussle. Two puny tyrants of the coxswain tribe whom threats deter not nor caresses bribe, hold in their hands, those ruthless hands, the fate, each, as he steers it, of his labouring eight. Through the long weeks these men must meekly train, their style as pretty as their food is plain. Primed with small beer and filled with prunes and rices, they tempt each day the waves of Cam or Isis. Eggs they may eat, but not the tasty rasher, who to Clayhithe proceed or to the Lasher, and tarts and jam and *entrées* are taboo to those who daily row in either crew.

¶ Their dinner courses are but few and short; long are their courses of another sort,—the sort, I mean, that makes them puff and blow, their faces purple, as they swing and row, while on the bank that pitiless discarder, their coach, shouts, "Now then, let her have it harder!" Lost to the world with growing grief and pain, in one last burst their very souls they strain, till with quick strokes and breath both quick and wheezy, at last they stop, the coxswain calling, "Easy!"

¶ Transferred to Putney, with their blues awarded, they see their deeds at greater length recorded. The daily papers all describe the crews in full detail and all take different views, and oarsmen, whose tense nerves grow daily tighter purchase the paper and deride the writer. Down Putney's High Street in their coloured coats behold them stride to man their brittle boats. Gathered in crowds, with unconcealed delight the Putney urchins hail the glorious sight, salute the haughty oarsmen and with glee cheer for their favourite University. "Kimebridge," for instance, they declare a winner, Oxford *per contra* being dubbed a "sinner"; beg them with alternating praise and scoff either to "keep it on" or "tike it off," and try in vain by every urchin's trick to win a smile, or, failing that, a kick. But the proud Blues, self-centred and serene, move irresponsible through the bustling scene, launch their light ship and take their places in it, race the scratch eights at forty to the minute, return and dress and dine, play pool and creep each to his bed for nine good hours of sleep.

¶ At last, while crowd to crowd responsive roars, the boats race by, a gleam of feathered oars. Far in advance the very air is humming with shouts of "Now they've started! Now they're coming!" Eight tortured oarsmen straining for the lead whom eight more strong or fortunate precede; two arrow-ships for racing well designed; four steamers lumbering tardily

behind; a shout, a flash — the vision disappears,
and that is all one either sees or hears.

¶ Fill then the wine-cup and, with sparkling
eyes, drink to the race and all that it implies!
Let whoso will pursue for sordid pelf some
petty object, thinking but of self. These men
endured, like brother joined to brother, each for
his club and all for one another, intent to be
through every change of weather, not eight mere
units, but a crew together!

R. C. LEHMANN.

LINES TO A GOLF BALL.

BEFORE A MATCH.

LITTLE sphere from out the tissue peeping,
White as snows that on tall summits lie,
Fickle chance consigned you to my keeping,
We to-day are playmates, you and I.

Soon your glossy surface geometric
May be seamed by some unsightly scar;
For your beauty, sleek, smooth, and symmetric,
Pitiless, my polished clubs must mar.

Can I guide you past the perils lurking
In the hazards and the bunker's yawn,
Stroke by stroke my winning way well working
Onward to the home hole's level lawn?

In your dark elastic substance hiding,
Brought from mystic Asia's far Malay,
Is there not some potent charm abiding
That will lead me on to perfect play?

Faithful index, every stroke recording,
Cynosure of every eye you 'll be.
Lead the way, my' practice well rewarding,
Fortune wing you on to victory!

FRANCIS BOWLER KEENE.

THE LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.

FEARFUL to lose our little place,
We dare not venture far
To welcome others of our race,
Men of the self-same star.

Eager to win beyond our ranks,
We trample others down,
And pressing o'er them murmur thanks,
Our eyes upon the crown.

And yet we bear no enmity;
"It's life," we sadly say;
"We would be genial, open, free
To all men as the day.

"This armour that doth make us safe,
This visor to the eye,
We feel their weight, we feel them chafe,
We fain would put them by."

And when we come to our green field,
Far from the strife of town,
Forthwith in gentleness we yield
And lay that armour down.

The touch of flannels to our skin,
Of grass beneath our feet,
Of sun at throat may help us win
Safe past the judgment seat.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

UPON THE DIAMOND.

*In vivid May and rustling June
When breeze's breath is like a tune,
Oh, where can life be free?
Where swings the bat,
Where shoots the ball,
Where rings the umpire's sudden call,
And curve and catch must settle all—
Upon the diamond.*

The sunlight pours a golden flood across the
grassy field,
As up against a cloudless sky the grand stand
throws its shield;
The umpire tosses out the ball, the batter takes
his stand;
The catcher snugly fits his mask, the pitcher
twirls his hand,

And the new white sphere goes twisting like a
bullet from a gun,
And the crowds upon the bleachers settle down
to see the fun.

Three times the batter hits the air in lieu of the
whirling ball,
And takes his seat with a heavy look at the
umpire's final call ;
The second pounds a liner straight that beats
him to the base ;
The third sends up a flier that seems made for
climbing space —
Yet the centre softly takes it in without the
least distress,
And the hopeful "ins" have a whitewashed
stone on the road to hard success.

Then the "outs" use all their brain power to
find the little curve,
And they learn that this is a little thing that
can't be found by nerve ;
For the sullen ball and the angry bat don't seem
inclined to meet,
And never an eager batter has a chance to use
his feet.
So the sides keep swinging back and forth, with
now and then a hit,
But without a single fought-for score to either's
benefit.

Then the ninth—it opens hotly with a triple-
bagger crack,
And the runner makes the bases like a racer
round the track;
Till the catcher's fumble brings him in amid
the roaring cheers,
And the hopes of half the people change to
soul-depressing fears;
For the aliens have a tally safe and the home
team has an O,
And only half an innings left to beat the foreign
foe!

Now two are out; the third leads off with a
dainty little bunt,
And the hardest hitter plants his feet to meet
the battle's brunt.
Lo! through the sky and over the fence the ball
goes climbing fast,
While the pair of runners touch the plate amid
the blare and blast;
And the people, standing, lift his praise on the
wave of a mighty cheer,
As the jubilant team on their shoulders bear
the winner of the year!

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

IN MAYTIME.

TWICE a week the winter thorough
Here stood I to keep the goal :
Football then was fighting sorrow
For the young man's soul.

Now in Maytime to the wicket
Out I march with bat and pad :
See the son of grief at cricket
Trying to be glad.

Try I will ; no harm in trying :
Wonder 't is how little mirth
Keeps the bones of man from lying
On the bed of earth.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN.

PARKER'S PIECE.

(May 19, 1891.)

To see good Tennis ! what diviner joy
Can fill our leisure, or our minds employ ?
Not Sylvia's self is more supremely fair
Than balls that hurtle through the conscious air.
Not Stella's form instinct with truer grace
Than Lambert's racquet poised to win the chase.
Not Chloe's harp more native to the ear,
Than the tense strings which smite the flying
sphere.

When Lambert boasts the superhuman force,
 Or splits the echoing grille without remorse;
 When Harradine, as graceful as of yore,
 Wins, better than a yard, upon the floor;
 When Alfred's ringing cheer proclaims success,
 Or Saunders volleys in resistlessness;
 When Heathcote's service makes the dedans
 ring

With just applause, and own its honoured king;
 When Pettitt's prowess all our zeal awoke
 Till high Olympus shuddered at the stroke;
 Or, when, receiving thirty and the floor,
 The novice serves a dozen faults or more;
 Or some plump don, perspiring and profane,
 Assails the roof and breaks the exalted pane;
 When vantage, five games all, the door is called,
 And Europe pauses, breathless and appalled,
 Till lo! the ball by cunning hand caressed
 Finds in the winning gallery a nest;
 These are the moments, this the bliss supreme,
 Which makes the artist's joy, the poet's dream.

Let other people play at other things;
 The king of games is still the game of kings.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN.

BASKET-BALL AT BRYN MAWR.

An amphitheatre built when Nature wrought
 her will,
 Curve upon curve—a glinting, grass-grown
 citadel;

A tawny hollow worn by many a well-fought
rout,
And there a vivid, changing maze wreathes in
and out.

The lithe young figures, with their striving, joy-
ous strength,
Entwined, rock to and fro in all their supple
length ;
Bright in October scarlet, gay in forest green,
They run like scurrying leaves, wind-blown
through Autumn's scene.

Here, first, a struggling knot will waver, swerve,
and form ;
There, then, it breaks, like scattering clouds
before a storm ;
Wrenched bravely out with strength of straight
young arms, the ball
An instant hovers buoyant, high above them all.
ETHEL LE ROY DE KOVEN.

DREAMS THAT I DREAM.

WHEN in my dreams I take my stand
To guard the stumps in Fairyland,
I little fear the bowler's wile,
Nor dread the wicket-keeper's guile ;
They do not bowl me off my pad,
No catches from my glove are had :
The hated "leg-before" is banned
In matches played in Fairyland.

I dream of many a glorious drive,
I feel the cut that goes for five;
I hear the crowd's applauding roar
That follows oft a hit for four.
I practise the entrancing glide,
And win the battle for my side;
We rarely fail to make a stand
When I go in — in Fairyland.

But when to bowl I take the ball,
How wondrous fast the wickets fall!
No liberties the batsmen take,
They do not disregard my break.
And though the pitch plays fast and true,
Leg-breaks come off, and balls cut through;
No batsmen Wisden knows could stand
The balls I bowl in Fairyland.

And though I bat the livelong day
To call of "Time" from call of "Play,"
They do not tire, nor envious grow,
Nor flag, nor feel the sport is slow;
And though I bowl from first to last,
No shade of jealousy is cast;
A joyous and contented band
Are we who play in Fairyland.

In Fairyland! In Fairyland!
On mortal turf I frankly own,
I never, never yet have shown
A form one-twentieth as grand
As I display in Fairyland!

EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN.

THE NEW CRICKET-GROUND.

THE loveliness of earth is still unspent :
Her beauties, singly known, combined are
 strange :
And with what fondness she doth freshly range
Her ancient gems for man's new ravishment !
On this soft dew-fed tree-gift sward of Kent
The cricket-god to-day is first enthroned,
The dun herd banished, and its pasture owned
By white-clad players and their snowy tent.

The field I knew before, the lads I knew,
And oft elsewhere have watched their pleasant
 game ;
But now an added lustre comes to view,
Familiar features look no more the same ;
The new-set picture gains another hue,
And sheds another glory on its frame.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

FROM "THE GOLFER'S RUBAIYAT."

WAKE ! for the sun has driven in equal flight
The stars before him from the Tee of Night,
And holed them every one without a miss,
Swinging at ease his gold-shod Shaft of Light.

Now the fresh Year, reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Pores on this Club and That with anxious eye,
And dreams of Rounds beyond the Rounds of
 Liars.

Come, choose your Ball, and in the Fire of
Spring.

Your Red Coat, and your wooden Putter fling;
The Club of Time has but a little while
To waggle, and the Club is on the swing.

Whether at Musselburgh or Shinnecock,
In motley Hose or humbler motley Sock,
The Cup of Life is ebbing Drop by Drop,
Whether the Cup be filled with Scotch or Bock.

A Bag of Clubs, a Silver-Town or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag — and Thou
Beside me caddying in the Wilderness —
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

They say the Female and the Duffer strut
On sacred Greens, where Morris used to put;
Himself a natural Hazard now, alas!
That nice Hand quiet now, that great Eye shut.

I sometimes think that never springs so green
The Turf as where some Good Fellow has been,
And every emerald Stretch the Fair Green
shows
His kindly Tread has known, his sure Play
seen.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Jamie and His, and heard great argument
Of Grip and Stance and Swing; but evermore
Found at the Exit but a Dollar spent.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand sought to make it
grow;

And this was all the Harvest that I reaped :
" You hold it This Way, and you swing it So."

The swinging Brassie strikes; and, having
struck,

Moves on: nor all your Wit or future Luck
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Stroke,
Nor from the Card a single Seven pluck.

And that inverted Ball they call the High —
By which the Duffer thinks to live or die,
Lift not your hands to It for help, for it
As impotently froths as you or I.

Yon rising Moon that leads us Home again,
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising wait for us
At this same Turning — and for *One* in vain.

And when, like her, my Golfer, I have been
And am no more above the pleasant Green,
And you in your mild Journey pass the Hole
I made in One — ah! pay my Forfeit then!

HENRY W. BOYNTON.

A GAME OF TENNIS.

THE court is rolled, the net is set,
Two players bold are ready,
While Chloe chaffs across the net
And laughs, "Love all ; be steady !"
Love all, indeed ! with Chloe near
What need for more to think of ?
I 've sipped some loving cups, but here
There 's only one to drink of.

"My serve !" she cries ; the game begins ;
I 've missed ! My eyes betray me.
And yet 't is through her eyes she wins ;
I knew she would outplay me.
But "Fifteen love !" she now commands —
What of the first injunction ?
Ah, yes ! no doubt she understands
And has some slight compunction.

At last the game to "vantage" goes ;
I lay no claim to winning.
'T is she who sovran kindness shows
And lets me have an inning.
By Jove ! I win, by one bold stroke,
Just in the line behind her.
She sighs, "Love one" — I grasp the joke
And cry : "Come, help me find her !"

RAY CLARKE ROSE.

A RHYME OF A CEDAR-SHELL.

THE full moon shines and shimmers ;
The bay, as smooth as glass,
Spreads like a silver mirror
Before a comely lass ;
Unbroken, save where swiftly
Our sharp shell cuts its way ;
And four broad blades grasp firmly,
And sweep its calm away.

The wide bay nears and narrows ;
Among the shadows deep
Which 'neath the long bridge cluster,
We quickly slide and sweep
To where the winding river
Shines clear before our sight,
With one bank glooming darkly,
And one serene and bright.

Against the tide we struggle ;
We feel its sullen strength,
And glory as we part it
And win each hard boat-length ;
Until, warned by the moonbeams,
Which cast a lengthened shade,
We turn our sharp bow homeward,
Borne swift by tide and blade.

Upon our fevered temples
The wind's cool fingers rest,
Among our bare locks tremble,
And on each labouring breast ;

While, fast and faster gliding,
Once more we reach the bay,
Whose rippling waters gladly
The rising wind obey.

At last we reach the boat-house,
And from the level float
Upon our heaving shoulders
We bear our dripping boat ;
In her white wraps we fold her,
And stack each well-tried oar,
The huge doors close on darkness,
Our swift night row is o'er.

WILLIAM LINDSEY.

IN THE PROCESSION.

SPRING comes : and baseball, robust flower, in
every meadow's seen ;
Summer: and tennis bourgeons white upon the
shining green ;
Autumn : and football shakes at us chrysanthemumlike hair ;
Winter : and even ice is left a-bloom with
skaters fair.
Four times a year the earth is glad with miscellaneous joy ;
As often sighs the man who was — and now is
not — a boy.

ANONYMOUS.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville
 nine that day :
The score stood four to six with just an inning
 left to play ;
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Bur-
 rows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons
 of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the
 rest
With that hope that springs eternal within the
 human breast ;
For they thought if only Casey could get one
 whack, at that
They'd put up even money, with Casey at the
 bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and so likewise did
 Blake,
But the former was a pudding, and the latter
 was a fake ;
So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence
 sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's
 getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment
 of all,
And the much-despised Blaikie tore the cover
 off the ball ;

And when the dust had lifted, and they saw
what had occurred,
There was Blaikie safe on second and Flynn
a-hugging third !

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a
joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled
in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on
the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the
bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he
stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile
on Casey's face ;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly
doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 't was
Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed
his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he
wiped them on his shirt;
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the
ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled
Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped:
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one in the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it; and the umpire said,
"Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they
saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey would n't let that ball
go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth
are clenched with hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he
lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of
Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is
shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and some-
where children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty Casey
has struck out.

ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER.

TO A MAID OF THIRTEEN.

How blithe you are, and tall,
And oh, so good to see!
How eager with the ball
And for its mastery!

You rise, a laughing joy,
Intent that all the day
No rougher youngling boy
A better game shall play.

At tennis how you run —
The net is naught to leap!
On your flushed cheek the sun,
Your eyes brown-bright from sleep!

At golf how free your arm;
The waves know its caress.
Grief takes a quick alarm
At your sweet sprightliness!

Your crown the mightiest queen
Must envy, laughing maid:
Who would not be thirteen,
So tall, and unafraid?

ANONYMOUS.

THE DIVE.

ONE moment, poised above the flashing blue:
The next I'm slipping, sliding through
The water that caresses, yields, resists,
Wrapping my sight in cooling, grey-green mists.
Another moment — and I swirl, I rise,
Shaking the water from my blinded eyes,
And strike out strong, glad that I am alive,
To swim back to the grey old pile from which
I dive.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.

WHEN I GO OUT ON MY WHEEL.

WHEN I go out on my wheel, the world
Goes scurrying past, as the Hand unfurled
The leagues of hurrying brow and green;
And I see the little white houses between
The hedges and trees, and the air strikes hard
On my lifted face, and the odour of nard,
Of myrtle and roses, exalts like wine,
As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

When I go out on my wheel, the town
Fades away — fades away into stretches of
brown;
And I hear the murmur of brooks that run
Through the shady nooks till they greet the sun.
And it's ho! oho! for the joy I feel
As I ride, as I glide, on my steed of steel;
And the day and its moments are all divine,
As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

When I go out on my wheel, I know
That back to the toil and the grind I must go;
But I do not mind as the moments fly,
For the world is fair and its child am I.
So it's ho! for the hedges that glide and glide,
And it's ho! for the brooklets that hide and
hide,
And it's ho! for the day with its smile benign,
As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine!

ALFRED JAMES WATERHOUSE.

- THE CRICKET BAT SINGS.

WILLOW and cane is all I am, with a wisp of
waxen thread,
Cane and willow, willow and cane, fondly, perfectly wed;
But never wood for a bounding yacht was
picked with a nicer thought,
And nothing planned by human hand ever was
deftlier wrought.
Willow and cane is all I am; but here is a wondrous thing:
Willow and cane is all I am, yet also am I a
king!
The flower of the earth my subjects are, and
the throne of the cricket bat
Is the rich green turf of a level mead, and who
has a throne like that?

A century old is the crown I hold; nothing
disturbs my reign;
And men to me will bend the knee while centuries more shall wane;
The Sword is great, but he rules by hate, rules
with a bloody hand:
Honesty, peace, and comradeship are features
of my command!
Scour the earth and you shall not find the like
of the power I wield,
For the home of the brave, the strong, the free,
is the elm-girt cricket-field;

Both man and boy they thrill with joy to speed
the ball away —

Willow and cane is all I am, yet look at the
hosts I sway!

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS.

THE DISCUS THROWER.

(From the Nemean Ode of Bacchylides.)

ILLUSTRIOUS he who binds his auburn hair
With wreaths triennial. Fortune hath such
boon

Granted Automedes, and newly strewn
His path with victory — the athlete fair,
Preëminent, as in the azure air

Of some cerulean-vaulted night of June
In her full glory is the orbèd moon.

The amazed crowd pressed round at him to
stare, —

The wondrous discus-hurler, true and bold,
Unmatchable in all the wrestling bouts, —
For with his brawn a nameless grace was
blent;

And when the javelin through the sky he sent,
The assembled hosts of Hellas raised such
shouts

As might have waked Enceladus of old!

LLOYD MIFFLIN.

GOLFER'S BALLADE IN SPRING.

WHEN March comes romping it up the land,
With crocuses dancing on before,
When catkins burst, and a roistering band
Of robins shout by the river shore,
He dreams that he hears the cry of "fore!"
Wing down the wind, and his mood is gay,
For joy's no longer a dream; once more
It's *over the links and far away!*

When April's here, and the skies expand
In a mirror of blue, and the amber ore
Of the cowslip gleams in the marsh, and bland
The noon broods over the earth, then soar
His thoughts, and his feet like hers of yore
(Atalanta, the maid) brook no delay;
And the song he sings to the old, old score
Is *over the links and far away!*

When mirthful May, with a lavish hand,
Scatters the wealth of her treasure store,
And all of the glades and the groves are fanned
By orient airs, and the thrushes pour
To the morn their revel of lyric lore,
Care seems the wraith of a vanished day,
And the heart is glad to the very core,
For it's *over the links and far away!*

Friends, no more need our lips deplore
A whited wold and a sky of grey;
A pathway calls that we all adore,
And it's *over the links and far away!*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

GOLF AND LIFE.

LIFE 's but a game of golf :
At first the tee —
Catnip, perchance, or some such sort —
And then we see
The bunkers that obtrude themselves
Before each green
We strive with eager strokes to gain! —
The ruts unseen
That everywhere abound to foil —
To bring dismay —
To spoil the gains good strokes have brought,
And drive our hopes away.

There are the fozzles that
Bring grief or shame.
The getting out of bounds — the quest
For things to blame —
The lasting supposition of
What " might have been " —
The galleries for those alone
That chance to win! —
The striving on to beat the score
Of foe and friend ;
And, after all the struggles, just
To hole down at the end.

S. E. KISER.

BOATING SONG, K. B. C.

Lent, 1880.

ON a damp windy day
In tempestuous May,
In a most insufficient attire,
What a pleasure to row
For a furlong or so,
And to glow with a patriot's fire :
There is glory to win in the fray,
There are crowds to applaud all the way,
We shall very soon be
At the top of the tree
If we all go out every day.

*Let's all go out every day
From now till the middle of May:
We shall very soon be
At the top of the tree
If we all go out every day.*

By the top of the tree,
As I think you must see,
It's the head of the river I mean :
An appropriate place
For our vessel to grace
At which she will shortly be seen :
There are still a few boats in the way,
But Rome is not built in a day,
And I have not a doubt
We shall bring it about
If we all go out every day.

Says our captain, says he :—
“ May you all of you be
Dissected and roasted and skinned :
Five rowed with his back
In the shape of a sack
And then, when I swore at him, grinned :
Six, get those hands sharper away !
Keep your eyes in the boat there, I say !
Now get on to it, do !
Get that body down, Two !
Your time 's worse than ever to-day.”

Both our Tutors are there,
Neither pleasure nor care
Can keep them away from the scene :
And who shouteth so loud
In that jubilant crowd
As each blown but uproarious Dean ?
The Provost brings down Mrs. A.,
Who runs a good part of the way :
Our Proctor himself
Throws his bands on the shelf
And dismisses his staff for the day.

*Let's all go out every day
From now till the middle of May :
We shall very soon be
At the top of the tree
If we all go out every day.*

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHTNING MAIDS.

(The victory of 1900 over 1902 in May, 1899, is celebrated, the Wellesley championship going to the winner.)

HALF an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch onward,
Passing the Basket Ball,
 Strode Nineteen Hundred.
"Forward, ye lightning maids,
Rah, rah!" their classmates said;
"Pass on the Basket Ball,
 Bold Nineteen Hundred!"

Forward went each brave maid —
Was there a one dismayed?
No; for they each one knew
 Not one had fumbled.
Theirs not to make reply
When umpires "fouls" would cry,
When Freshman captains try,
Coaching their busy cry,
Onward the valiant fly,
 On Nineteen Hundred!

Freshman arms under them,
Freshman arms over them,
Freshman arms round them,
 Waved wild and floundered.
All of their tricks were lame,
All of their wavings vain,

Back to the Juniors came
Championship, honour, fame :
Easily theirs the game,
Gay Nineteen Hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
Oh, the great score they made !
All Wellesley wondered.
Honour each lightning maid,
Honour the game she played,
Our Nineteen Hundred !

ANONYMOUS.

AT THE ISTHMIAN GAMES.

We crown thee, Hero, not for strength alone ;
That were a meed unworthy thy desert.
Strength in the base is objectless, inert,
Or strained to keep some passion on its
throne.

We crown thee rather, for that thou hast shown
How fair thy prowess, and how fitly girt
With laurel is the strength which does no
hurt
To the heart's image of ideal tone.

Rough men our eyes have wondered at ere now,
Who ran with wingèd feet âs thou hast run ;
Others we know — tall youths with graceful
brow

Inviting wreaths of bay, yet wearing none
Because their feet move sluggishly. But
thou
Hast given us strength and beauty joined in
one.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

THE ENEMY.

HAVE you seen the golfers airy
Prancing forth to their vagary,
Just as frisky in their gaiters
As a flock of Grecian Satyrs,
Looking everything heroic,
And magnificently stoic,
In a dress of such a pattern
As would fright the good god Saturn?

Have you heard them curse the sparrow
Fit to freeze your inmost marrow,
When the ball, that should be flitting,
On the grass remaineth sitting?
Have you watched their cheerful scrambles
In the soft and soothing brambles,
While the foe, elate and sneering,
Passes gradually from hearing?

After blaming all the witches,
After rending holes in breeches,
After getting in a muddle
With each rivulet and puddle,

They return, all labour ended,
To record their prowess splendid,
And renew by dictionary
Their fatigued vocabulary.

Let these gentlemen ecstatic,
In their costumes so emphatic,
Crawl to find a rounded treasure
In the horse-pond at their pleasure.
What so good when time is sunny,
And the air is sweet as honey,
As the game of crease and wicket,
England's proper pastime — Cricket?

NORMAN GALE.

FROM THE "EXETER ODE."

THERE is no Heliconian spring
Nor fountain of perpetual youth
So much of Paradise can bring
As lights the haunt of early truth,
Here where budding boys together
Fill the world with April weather,
And the branch of life is budding sweet;
Sound of limb and pure of heart,
Eager tremblers for the start,
In the mimic arts of power they compete;
And the ring of the coming years is in their
feet.

We turn, and with fond gaze look back
On scenes that nurse their growing years,
The triumphs of the field and track,
The glory of the distant cheers,
Where they forge fresh strength and daring,
Schoolboy ensigns proudly wearing
To the victor music in their blood;
In the onset and the shock
Learn how human forces lock
To the banded bringing of the common good;
And the youthful fighters melt in joyful brother-
hood.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THE SEED OF ATHLETICISM.

(From "May-Day.")

BUT soft! a sultry morning breaks;
The ground-pines wash their rusty green,
The maple-tops their crimson tint,
On the soft path each track is seen,
The girl's foot leaves its neater print.
The pebble loosened from the frost
Asks of the urchin to be tossed.
In flint and marble beats a heart,
The kind Earth takes her children's part,
The green lane is the schoolboy's friend,
Low leaves his quarrel apprehend,
The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
The air rings jocund to his call,
The brimming brook invites a leap,
He dives the hollow, climbs the steep.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE CRY OF THE HIGH HURDLERS.

WITH bodies bowed, with breath drawn in,
We 're waiting for the sound ;
Our hot hearts shake the start to make
And leave the clinging ground.

*We're coming, coming, coming, like the old
Olympics fleet,
For we've sworn to smash the record in the
race ;
And we're leaping, leaping, leaping, like the
hunters in a chase,
And we spurn the heavy ground with flashing
feet.*

The pistol cracks ; we burst our bounds,
We 're working arms and feet ;
Our heads go back as on the track
We stretch fresh racers fleet.

The hurdles lift their menace high
Like walls to break our flight ;
We mount the air, a hidden stair,
And shoot their easy height.

And now we feel the final pull —
A triple struggle hot ;
We catch the cries, we feel the eyes,
We "hit her up" a jot.

We spurt as one, we rise abreast,
Like horses o'er a hedge;
We hear the cry: "A tie, a tie!"
We'll drink to each a pledge.

*We're coming, coming, coming, like the old
Olympics fleet,
For we've sworn to smash the record in the
race;
And we're leaping, leaping, leaping, like the
hunters in a chase,
And we spurn the heavy ground with flashing
feet.*

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

THE RUNNER.

ON a flat road runs the well-trained runner,
He is lean and sinewy with muscular legs,
He is thinly clothed, he leans forward as he
runs,
With lightly closed fists and arms partially
raised.

WALT WHITMAN.

A WATER PARTY.

LET us, as by this verdant bank we float,
Search down the marge to find some shady pool
Where we may rest a while and moor our boat,
And bathe our tired limbs in the waters cool.
Beneath the noonday sun,
Swiftly, O river, run!

Here is a mirror for Narcissus, see !
I can not sound it, plumbing with my oar.
Lay the stern in beneath this bowering tree !
Now, stepping on this stump, we are ashore.
 Guard, Hamadryades,
 Our clothes laid by your trees !

How the birds warble in the woods ! I pick
The waxen lilies, diving to the root.
But swim not far in the stream, the weeds grow
 thick,
And hot on the bare head the sunbeams shoot.
 Until our sport be done,
 O merry birds, sing on !

If but to-night the sky be clear, the moon
Will serve us well, for she is near the full.
We shall row safely home ; only too soon, —
So pleasant 't is, whether we float or pull.
 To guide us through the night,
 O summer moon, shine bright !

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE HAMMER THROW.

We are the children of the strong god, Thor ;
We hurl his hammer through the hollow sky ;
No task is this for feeble hands to try :
This is the sport that men and gods adore.

A giant race are we, who each in turn
Step in the magic circle's narrow ring,
Around our heads the old god's hammer
swing,
And send it whirling where the sunbeams burn.

Our fingers twine the handle tightly round,
Firm as a mountain oak we plant our feet,
With one long breath, filling each cell
complete,
We lift and swing the dead weight from the
ground.

Around our heads we swing with quickening
speed,
The hot blood pressing in each swollen vein,
Each muscle corded with its mighty strain,
The handle bending like a river-reed.

A step, a turn, and staggering, we hurl
The heavy hammer whistling through the air;
We watch it in the sunbeams fly and flare;
We see it settle, with a thud and whirl.

All can not win ; our giant game is o'er;
'T is better to be last in such a test,
Than in a little sport to rank the best;
We are the children of the strong god, Thor.

WILLIAM LINDSEY.

A BALLADE OF CYCLING.

My slender steed of steel is manned,
His rapid mood with mine agrees,
Each other's hearts we understand,
Our spirits scorn repose and ease.
We speed the valley and the trees
That murmur on above us high,
But soon they die away and cease,
For with the birds we soar and fly.

The sun's eyes glow, his beams expand,
His welcome laughter warms my knees,
And all my brow grows moist and tanned,
Yet on my flashing cycle flees —
On with a heart of health and ease,
With whistling lips and laughing eye,
And not a soul to vex or please;
For with the birds we soar and fly.

Evening droops down upon the land,
On wooing brooks and bowing trees,
But waving high a joyful hand,
I hail the ever-bounding breeze,
The stars — innumerable bees —
Now chase the clouds along the sky.
Rider and wheel — one spirit these,
For with the birds we soar and fly!

Prince, if thy Highness only please —
O Prince, and thou shalt never die!
Deign to accept, these handles seize;
For with the birds we soar and fly!

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

IN A FIVES COURT.

SOMETIMES at night I stand within a court
Where I have played by day ;
And still the walls are vibrant with the sport,
And still the air is pulsing with the sway
Of agile limbs that now, their labours o'er,
To healthful sleep their strength resign —
But how of those who played with me lang syne,
And sleep for evermore ?

T. E. BROWN.

THE CYCLE.

THIS is the toy, beyond Aladdin's dreaming,
This magic wheel upon whose hub is wound
All roads, although they reach the world
around,
O'er western plain or Orient desert gleaming.

This is the skein from which each day unravels
Such new delights, such witching flights, such
joys
Of bounding blood, of glad escape from
noise,
And ventures beggaring old Crusoe's travels !

It is as if some mighty necromancer,
At king's command, to meet a lady's whim,
Instilled such virtue in a rubber rim
And brought it forth as his triumphant answer.

For, wheresoe'er its shining spokes are fleeting,
Fair benefits spring upward from its tread,
And eyes grow bright, and cheeks all rosy
red,
Responsive to the heart's ecstatic beating.

Thus Youth and Age, alike in healthful feeling,
And man and maid, who find their paths are
one,
Crown this rare product of our century's run
And sing the praise, the joy, the grace of
wheeling!

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too ;
O wind of the west, we wait for you !
Blow, blow !
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast :
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past ;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,

Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed ;
My paddle is plying its way ahead ;
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle ! be brave, canoe !
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We 've raced the rapid ; we 're far ahead !
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

FROM "THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-
NA-VUOLICH."

It was the afternoon ; and the sports were now
at the ending.
Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and
thrown the hammer ;
Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,
Eight stout gillies had run, with speed and agility
wondrous :
Run the course too on the level had been ; the
leaping was over.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE GAME OF FIVES.

SPRIGHTLY Sons of manly Sport,
Haste to pleasure's spacious court ;
Murmur not how chances fall,
First strike hands, then strike the ball ;
Win or lose at trifling bets :
Laughed at be the man that frets !

Now observe the marker's call ;
Hear him rally, " Fourteen all ! "
Down to five again we 're set,
Six hands in and scarce a let ;
Let which will the victory claim,
'T is, my boys, a well-fought game !

For an evening's active sport
To the " Angel " we resort ;
Where in heartfelt, sportive glee,
Worn-down veterans smile to see
Youthful vigour tripping round
Pleasure's consecrated ground.

Fives among the sons of fame
Was the ancient Britons' game ;
Mixed with prudence still the wise
Call it healthful exercise ;
Ne'er let good old customs drop,
Strike the ball and keep it up !

Round the world, the seasons through,
Youth their various sports pursue ;
Some resort where cards are seen,
Some the cockpit, some the green ;
Ours against the stately wall
Is to jerk the bounding ball.

JOHN FREETH, 1790.

IN A SINGLE GIG.

SWEEP — sweep — sweep —
By winding shore and willowy screen,
Sweep — sweep — sweep —
Across tree-shadows grey or green,
By shelving beach of crinkling sand,
And deeps where drowsing cattle stand ;
By meadow's rim, by mill-wheel's brim,
By white vine-suited cottage trim,
And where the red vine-clusters peep,
Sweep — sweep — sweep —
And the strong white eddies leap
Where the broad blades run in the burning sun
With their sweep — sweep — sweep —

By mouldering pier-heads that still keep
Their watch and ward on silent streams,
By grand-dams in wide doors asleep
And dreaming who shall say what dreams ;
And further in cool breaths of pine
That taste like some old-vintaged wine,

Where scarce one ray of the saffron day
Through the arch of the incense shrine makes
way,

Where the shadowy walls an echo make

To the sweep — sweep — sweep —

And the dancing globes in my wake

Of tree-top line and gold-leaf shine

The tinted image take.

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

Now where great domes of cloud-land drift,

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

Now where long shafts of sunlight shift,

Through blue and white and golden brown,

Where sloping fields of the wheat come down,

Where through burnt fume of summer bloom

The slender village steeples loom

Or broken lie in the bow-wave's curl,

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

And the face of a country girl

Round-eyed and brown from the bridge looks

down

To watch the foam-wreaths whirl.

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

The oar rings true like a crystal bell;

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

The rushes lie in the tiny swell;

And the treble tinkling of the song

Up where the keen prow shears along

Keeps tune and time with the plashing chime,

Keeps note for note with the sterner rhyme

Of the grumbling gear of the sliding seat.
Sweep — sweep — sweep —
And beneath the hard-pressed feet
The ripples rise, the slim bow flies
To the song of the sliding seat.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

THE HUNDRED YARD DASH.

GIVE me a race that is run in a breath,
Straight from the start to the tape;
Distance hath charms, but a "ding-dong" means
death,
Death without flowers and crape.

"On your mark!" "Set!" For a moment we
strain,
Held by a leash all unseen;
"P'ff!" We are off, from the pistol we gain
Yards, if the starter's not keen.

Off like lean greyhounds, the cinders scarce
stir
Under the touch of our feet;
Flashes of sunlight, the crowd's muffled purr,
The rush of the wind, warm and sweet.

One last fierce effort, the red worsted breaks,
Struggle and strain are all past;
Only ten ticks of the watch, but it makes
First, second, third, and the last.

WILLIAM LINDSEY.

IN SPRING.

GRASS begins to grow,
Winds to be more civil,
Rollers press the pitch
For to make it level :
Thrushes pipe a stave
In the budding thicket ;
Snowdrops point to pads,
Crocuses to Cricket !

Soon will stand the Slip
Crouching for a capture,
Soon the slogger slog
Fours and fives in rapture !
Soon the curly lob
Find its love, the wicket ;
Snowdrops point to pads,
Crocuses to Cricket !

Urchins in the road
Bowl with oblong pebbles,
Sending to each mate
Bursts of happy trebles :
In the words of slang,
Summer is the ticket !
Snowdrops point to pads,
Crocuses to Cricket !

NORMAN GALE.

HORACE ON THE LINKS.

To the Poet, Albius Tibullus.

My Albius, there are those whose chief delight
Lies in the pleasures that pertain to night ;
Who choose to linger at the banquet boards,
To leer at nymphs the passing show affords ;
While the rich Cæcuban their passion whets,
And clothes with Circe's charm the coy
soubrettes.

And some there are whom feats of strength
entice ;

Some sport with cards or hexahedral dice ;
And some prefer Apollo's tuneful lyre,
Pieria's maids or Cytherea's choir.

For me the wide and shady porch is best,
If void of Persian pomp, which I detest,
When Cepheus burns, the rampant lion's star
Parches the earth and scorches from afar ;
Where I may drone, and look upon the links,
And woo the muse in long and luscious drinks,
With sprightly *Lydia*, laughing *Lalage*,
Beside me placed to scrutinise the tee.
Then flow Iambics, pure, without a blotch,
From modest bowls of good old Sabine Scotch ;
And then the stars in wise *Urania's* bed
Feel the soft shock of my impinging head.

At Capua's links, where Roman youth essay —
The sore-eyed and dyspeptic do not play,
Hence Horace modestly withholds his name —

Mæcenas challenged Virgil to the game.
He my protector and dear ornament,
The other, poet of the martial bent.
Then Plotius came, with Varius engaged
To bear the clubs with which the war is waged.
As Atlas bends beneath his crushing load,
So these strong caddies staggered in the road;
While bold Mæcenas, lofty yet in soul,
Wagered denarii on every hole;
And Virgil, sure the Parcæ would befriend,
Rose in his pride and took the shorter end.

Now from the porch, beneath the cooling shade,
The joyous laugh betrays the lurking maid.
As coo the doves on Hæmon's snowy plain,
The hungry hawk pursuing them in vain,
So chirp and twitter Lyce's gentle band,
Obedient to the ancient dame's command.
White are the tunics falling from the hips,
And red the lannæ as fair Lyde's lips;
In comely knots their tresses have they bound,
E'en as the modest Spartan girl is found;
Glossy and sweet with myrrh the clustering hair,
Yellow the shining locks imprisoned there.
Now merry Cinara, Leuconoë,
Now Neobule, Pyrrha, Lalage,
Or radiant Glycera looks upon the lawn,
Or Chloe, timid as the hunted fawn;
Now Lydia in bewitching poses sinks,
And reigns supreme, the mistress of the links.
I would, by all the gods, that she might tell
The cruel secret of her beauty's spell.

As stands Soracte, towering, white, and cold,
Mæcenas on the teeing-ground behold !
Thrice, scornfully his polished stick he swings,
Thrice, from their stems the daisy heads he
wings.

Eager the faces and the voices low ;
Hushed is the chatter for the final blow.
Now falls the stroke, and now the cruel laugh
Proclaims the fatal foozle and the scloff.
Then Virgil, smiling in his foolish pride,
Advances blithely from the other side ;
No torturing fears his dauntless soul appall ;
His eyes are fastened on the shining ball.
To Father Jupiter he breathes a prayer,
As bounds the sphere into the quivering air.
Like Pontic pine that scorns Myrtoan main,
The spinning ball derides the scouted plain ;
Waxened by arts of Dædalus it flies,
Lost in the azure of the trembling skies.
Thrice Virgil turns to greet the rapturous maids ;
Mæcenas thrice consigns him to the shades ;
And still the ball in tranquil passage sings,
Fleeter than Icarus on cunning wings ;
Till from the throng goes up a wail of woe :
Tristissimum visu, cadit in bunkero!

But soon the fickle gods their aid withdraw,
And Vulcan hastens to obey Jove's law.
The treacherous Notus, grisly Hyades,
That churn the Caspian and Icarian seas,
Swoop fiercely down upon the links, as did
Arcturus setting, or the rising Kid.

Affrighted Lyce from the wrath has fled ;
To chaste Diana maidens' prayers are said ;
While I, my Albion, safely housed within,
In sweet forgetfulness of Vulcan's din,
Compose my measures and appease my soul
With soft potations from the Sabine bowl.
Go, chase the Marsian boar, the shimmering
ball !

Give me Falernian and the pleasant hall !
Like savage Dacian your pursuits pursue ;
Gently as Adrian tides I 'll drink to you.

Still struggles Virgil in the raging storm ;
Still does Mæcnas wondrous deeds perform.
When rises Bogey like a spectre grim,
First one and then the other sports with him.
Ponds they defy, in bunkers sore they delve,
And Virgil's shout proclaims him down in
twelve.

But sly Mæcnas, cunning to the last,
Constructs a stymie and so holds him fast ;
While Virgil, by Jove's anger undisturbed,
Gives impious voice to a blaspheming word.
With godlike fury do these Titans rage ;
Nine furtive holes their energies engage,
Till gloomy Nox, in sombre garb arrayed,
Brings from her Erebus the dreaded shade,
The Mœræ crying with the flight of day :
" Mæcnas wins, three up and two to play ! "

Back turn the heroes to the sheltered inn,
The favouring smiles of Lyce's maids to win.

Their dragged togas and their dripping hair
Evoke no plaudits from my Lydia there ;
Sweet Chloe shrinks with maidenly distrust,
And Pyrrha echoes Lalage's disgust.
But I, my Albius, lolling in the shade,
Full of good wine, at either hand a maid,
At peace with Vulcan, unreploached by Jove,
Rehearse my lyrics and give song to love.
And Pyrrha smiles, and Lalage unbends,
And Lydia too her dimpled arms extends ;
For so Chaldæan tables have decreed,
The love of women is the poet's meed.

My Albius, there are those who forfeit all
To drive and follow the elusive ball ;
Now joyous as they lie upon the green,
Now lost to hope in bunkers unforeseen ;
Vowing, as gods encourage or forbid,
To sacrifice a caddie or a kid.
And there are those who, with a wise intent,
Have reared a better, nobler monument,
Ære perennius, or, as we speak,
Enduring more than brassie or than cleek.
This monument I rear with gods and wine ;
Accept, Melpomene, the place as thine !
And when the poet has enthroned you there,
With Delphic laurel bind his willing hair !

ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD.

A COLLEGE ROWING SONG.

FIRMLY catch and swiftly pull
The polished, pliant, springing oar,
While the muscles swell out full,
And the heart throbs more and more;
Up the stream with rhythmic swing,
Sweet as music in the night,
While the straining rowlocks ring,
And the blood leaps in delight,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in winners, boys,
At last.

Soon will come that burning day
When the pistol stroke shall crack,
And our boat will rush away,
As we strain each brawny back,
Pulling as we ne'er before
Pulled, yet still with form and grace, —
Every soul in every oar,
Flying down to win the race,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in winners, boys,
At last.

So, when rowing here is done,
And we seek the sea of life,
Where our prizes must be won
In a swifter stream of strife,

We shall labour as of yore,
Grim resolve on every face,
Bending bravely to the oar,
Pulling hard to win the race,
With the old, long stroke,
With the old, long stroke,
That shall bring us in winners, boys,
At last.

W. J. H.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

From "Utopia Limited."

A WONDERFUL joy our eyes to bless,
In her magnificent comeliness,
Is an English girl of eleven stone two,
And five foot ten in her dancing shoe!
She follows the hounds, and on she pounds —
The field tails off and the muffs diminish —
Over the hedges and brooks she bounds
Straight as a crow, from find to finish.
At cricket, her kin will lose or win —
She and her maids, on grass and clover,
Eleven maids out — eleven maids in —
And perhaps an occasional "maiden over"!
Go search the world and search the sea,
Then come you home and sing with me
There's no such gold and no such pearl
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

With a ten mile spin she stretches her limbs,
She golfs, she punts, she rows, she swims —

She plays, she sings, she dances, too,
From ten or eleven till all is blue!
At ball or drum, till small hours come,
(Chaperon's fan conceals her yawning)
She'll waltz away like a teetotum,
And never go home till daylight's dawning.
Lawn tennis may share her favours fair —
Her eyes a-dance and her cheeks a-glow-
ing —
Down comes her hair, but what does she care?
It's all her own and it's worth the show-
ing!
Go search the world, etc.

Her soul is sweet as the ocean air,
For prudery knows no haven there;
To find mock-modesty, please apply
To the conscious blush and the downcast eye.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
Blithe as a beautiful bird she sings,
For body and mind are hale and healthy.
Her eyes they thrill with right good will —
Her heart is light as a floating feather —
As pure and bright as the mountain rill
That leaps and laughs in the Highland
heather.
Go search the world and search the sea,
Then come you home and sing with me
There's no such gold and no such pearl
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

CRICKET.

THANK God who made the British Isles
And taught me how to play,
I do not worship crocodiles
Or bow the knee to clay!

Give me a willow wand and I,
With hide and cork and twine,
From century to oentury
Will gambol round my shrine.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO 1903, COLUMBIA.

TWELVE are the years Columbia gave to me;
Twelve are the classes of happy memory;
And yours the last of the twelve, and no more
shall be.

But oh, to say farewell and fond adieu!
Four years to me are dear, and dearer far to
you;
And the years, that seemed so many, are found
too few. . . .

Where leaped the shell, my heart rowed with
the crew;
My hand was on the tape, where Bishop flew;
Where broke the blue flag, I was there with
you.

The years of football your bright records grace ;
Game called, you saw me always in my place ;
I taught your Harold the famed Fennel Race ;

And glad I saw him down the dazed field skim
In his first years ; and much I honour him,
Borne shoulder-high, until my eyes grow dim.

You wonder not who heard that April day,
I praised, loud-voiced, the perfect Harvard way
Of Marshall Newell, when I left the play. . . .

Oh, why recall what was to me most dear,
The Crown, where duly, year by shining year,
The best Americans received our cheer ? . . .

I murmur not, when fate has struck the ball ;
The work our hands have raised can never fall ;
Yet in my heart I grieve to end it all.

Not unto me be praise, the praise not mine ;
Praise ye the poets dead, and power divine
Whence they had strength ; pray God, their
strength be thine !

Break hands, and part ; but long this verse
endures,
And love to all and each loyal assures,
With yours, and ever and ever yours, and
yours.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

(Commencement, Phillips Andover Academy, 1900.)

We learned some Latin thirty years ago,
Some Greek ; some other things — geometry ;
Baseball ; great store of rules by which to know
When thus was so, and if it *was* so, why.
And every day due share of pie we ate,
And Sunday under hour-long sermons sate,
And thrived on both ; a sound New England diet,
And orthodox. Let him who will decry it.

We spoke our Latin in the plain old way.
Tully was Cicero to Uncle Sam,
And Cæsar, Cæsar. Footballs in our day
Were spheres of rubber still. When autumn
came
We kicked them, chasing after ; but the sport
Was a mere pastime, not at all the sort
Of combat — strenuous, Homeric, fateful —
Whence heroes now wrest glory by the plateful.

The higher criticism was an infant then.
Curved pitching had not come, nor yellow
shoes,
Nor bikes, nor telephones, nor golf, nor men
In knickerbockers. No one thought to use
Electric force to haul folks up a hill ;
We walked, or rode on Concord coaches still.
Expansion's quirks stirred then no fiercer tussles
Than such as vexed the growing vogue of
bustles. . . .

Go make your bodies strong, your minds alert ;
Train both to do for you the most they can.

Life's goal no runner reaches by a spurt ;

Doing the daily stint 's what makes the man.
And making men is Nature's chief concern ;
For right men bring things right, each in its
turn.

Strive, then, to help yourselves, and, that much
learned,

Help others ; nowise else contentment 's earned.

EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH :

A CONTRAST.

I LOVE to watch a rout of merry boys
Released from school for play, and nothing
loath

To make amends for late incurious sloth
By wild activity and strident noise ;

But more to mark the lads of larger growth
Move fieldward with such perfect equipoise,
As if constricted by an inward oath

To scorn the younger age and clamorous joys ;
Prepared no less for pastime all their own,
A silent strenuous game of hand and knee,
Where no man speaks, but a round ball is
thrown

And kicked and run upon with solemn glee,
And every struggle takes an earnest tone,
And rudest sport a sober dignity.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

TIME, THE VICTOR.

THE strength and splendour of the world are
ours.

See, how our eyes glow in the morning sun,
How down our arms the corded muscles run,
How youth sits on our brow like wreathèd
flowers!

Health, beauty, grace, High Heaven on us
showers;

And deeds — such deeds! — full featly have
we done;

Life's laurel lies in hand, — already won! . . .

Poor souls, what strifes near by surpass your
powers!

No Runner hath outstripped Oblivion;

No Thrower hurled his mortal strain afar;

No Swimmer gained salvation from Time's
wave;

No Wrestler his dim Future seized and thrown;

No Vaulter brushed his locks 'gainst any
star;

No Leaper leaped that little gulf, the Grave!

WALLACE RICE.

OF THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE RIVER.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus.

WHERE Boating Captains on their beat
Go shepherding the tortuous fleet
Of tubs along the river's reedy hollows,
I marked the Genius who addressed
A Freshman with a beefy chest;
The views of Camus were expressed
Somewhat as follows :

" It first behoves you to undo
Of all your buttons just the two
Topmost, and chance the weather being breezy;
Then, swinging stiffly from the hip,
Cause your prehensile heels to grip
The stretcher ; at the signal, nip! —
Great Heavens ! Easy !

" Where were we ? Yes. There is a rule
Whereby the oarsman, though a fool,
May guarantee the boat against inversion ;
Observe your blade ; the thing is bent
Obliquely to the element ;
Square it at once, and so prevent
Needless immersion.

" Again : deposit, if you please,
Your stomach well between your knees,
Aim broadly at the bottom of the vessel ;
Swing early, often, long, and late ;

This is the doctrine, past debate,
With which the most invertebrate
Fresher must wrestle.

“Reck nothing though the process pain
Your blistered hide and make you fain
To be a scaly merman with a sea-tail;
A time may yet arrive when you
Will be as hardened as a Blue,
And have a soul superior to
Matters of detail.

“That future waits you far and dim,
And in the awful interim
You have to pass a pretty hot probation;
‘Much is to learn, much to forget,’
And now and then you ’ll feel regret,
And never, never fail to sweat
With perspiration.

“Full often, rowing like an ox,
On you the curses of your cox,
Falling like blasts of some Tyrrhenian trumpet,
Will rend the horror-stricken air
With language fit to curl the hair
That clusters nicely round the fair
Crest of your crumpe.

“Then will you at your rigid thwart
Restrain the apposite retort,
And like the parrot merely *think* profanely,
The while your heavy head you wag,

Panting as pants the hunted stag,
And wear your ' Pontius ' to a rag,
Sliding inanely.

"Perchance you will mislay your oar,
When quickening to forty-four,
And learn a little jargon from your skipper;
Or get an unexpected spank
Straight in the centre of your flank
From some inordinately rank
Holiday-tripper.

"Eventually you will land
Triumphant after trials, and
Talk frankly like a father from the saddle;
You have the makings of a tar,
And should, with fortune, travel far;
Meanwhile you might get forward. Are
You ready? Paddle!"

OWEN SEAMAN.

A LOVE GAME.

As in tennis, so in love,
She's the victor easily;
Always stands aloof, above,
Smiling at you breezily.
Were but just one love game mine —
Hearts, and hers the best of them! —
I'd be willing, I opine,
She should win the rest of them!

SENNETT STEPHENS.

THE BOAT RACE.

THERE 's a living thread that goes winding,
winding,
Tortuous rather, but easy of finding,
Creep and crawl
By paling and wall —
Very much like a dust-dry snake —
From Hyde Park Corner right out to Mort-
lake ;
Crawl and creep
By level and steep,
From Putney Bridge back again to East-
cheap, —
Horse and man,
Waggon and van,
Tramping along since the day began —
Rollicking, rumbling, and rolling apace,
With their heads all one way like a shoal of
dace ;
And beauty and grace,
The lofty and base,
Silk, satins, and lace,
And the evil in case,
Seem within an ace of a general embrace —
Jog-trotting behind the Lord Mayor with his
mace —
As if the whole place
Had set its whole face
Towards the 'Oxford and Cambridge Race.

.

Has any one seen some grand, fleet horse
At the starting-post of an Epsom course,
With nostril spread and chest expanding,
But like a graven image standing,
Waiting a touch to start into life
And spurn the earth in the flying strife;
Whilst round, with restless eddying pace,
Frolic the froth and foam of the race? —

So side by side
Like shadows they glide,
Two streaks of blue just breasting the tide,
Whilst a thousand oars are glitt'ring wide,
Flashed in the morning beam, —
And so, as when waked to sudden speed
Darts from the throng the flying steed,
They darted up the stream.

With a rush and a bound,
And a surging sound,
From the arches below and the boats around,
And the background of everything wooden and
steel
That's driven by oar, sail, paddle, or wheel,
Striving and tearing,
And puffing and swearing,
With the huge live swarm that their decks are
bearing, —
A sound from bridge and river and shore,
That gathers into a human roar, —
“Cambridge! Cambridge!” — “Now, Oxford,
now!”

Betwixt the crews
There is n't a pin to choose —
Not so much as the turn of a "feather." —
The Cambridge eight
Have muscle and weight,
But the dark blue blades fall sharp and straight,
As the hammer of Thor on the anvil of fate,
So wholly they pull together.

And they pull with a will ! . . .
Row ! Cambridge, row !
They're going two lengths to your one, you
know —
The Oxford have got the start, —
Out and in — at a single dash —
Flash and feather, feather and flash,
Without a jerk or an effort or splash —
It's a stroke that will break your little
heart. . . .
A wonderful stroke ! but a *leetle* too fast ?
Forty-four to the minute at least ;
For five or six years it's been all your own way,
But you've got your work cut out to-day,
Give them the Cambridge swing, I say,
The grand old stroke, with its sweep and sway,
And send her along ! — never mind the spray —
It's a mercy the pace can't last. . . .
They never can stay ? though the Turn is in
sight. . . .
Ha, now she lifts ! — row, row ! . . .
But in spite
Of the killing pace, and the stroke of might,

In spite of bone and muscle and height,
On flies the dark blue like a flash of blue light,
And the river froths like yeast. . . .

“Oxford, Oxford! she wins, she wins” —
Well, you’ve won the toss, you see,
Whilst the Cantabs must fetch
Their boats through a stretch
That’s as lumpy and cross as may be;
And the men are too big, and the boat’s too
small,
For a rushing tide and a racing squall —
But look! by the bridge, a haven for all —
And Cambridge may win if she can; —
And the squall’s gone down and the froth is
past,
And you’ll find it’s the “pace that kills” at
last —

You must *pull*, do you understand! —
Put your backs into it — now or never —
Jam home your feet whilst the clenched oars
quiver,
For over the gold of the gleaming river
They’re passing you, hand over hand:
And a thousand cheers
Ring in their ears —
The muscles stand out on their arms like cords,
Brows knit and teeth close set, —
And bone and weight are beginning to tell,
And the swinging stroke that the Cam knows
well
Will lick you yet. . . .

Cambridge! Cambridge! again — bravo —
Splendidly pulled — now, Trinity, now —

Now let the oars sweep —

Now, whilst the shouts rise,

And the white foam flies,

And the stretched boat seems to leap!

Stick to it, boys, for the bonny light blue . . .

And the turquoise silk dashed with the spray

Steals forward now;

Rowed, rowed of all! . . .

. . . But what ails the crew? —

What ails the strong arms, unused to wax
dull? —

And the light boat trails like wounded gull . . . ?

Swamped! swamped, by heaven;

Beat, in mid fight,

With the goal in sight,

As they were gaining fast —

Row, Cambridge, row!

Swamped, while the great crowd roared,

Wash over wash it poured

Inch by inch —

Does a man flinch?

Row, Cambridge, row! —

Stick to it to the last —

Over the brown waves' crest

Only the oarsmen's breast,

Yet, Cambridge, row;

One gallant stroke, pulled all together —

One more! . . . and a long flash in the dark river,

And the dark blue shoots past.

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE:

A BOY'S SONG.

WITH lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry —
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird? Then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'T is more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

AND I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy'
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

BYRON.

THE POLE-VAULTER.

BALANCING 'twixt earth and sky
Unto you an instant's given
Shared with birds that soar and fly
In and from the vaulting heaven.

With a grace deliberate
That firm wand in hand retain you :
As a ladder starward set,
Yet a bond on earth to chain you.

Then : an agile twist and weave
Onward, upward, and you hover
Hawklike, as the rod you leave
Instantly, and down — you're over!

ANONYMOUS.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."

YES, yes, my son, I have no doubt
They 're wonderful, these boys
Who play football, hockey, quoits,
With such astounding noise ;
No doubt they 're heroes just as great
As any Homer sung —
I only say, you should have seen
The boys when I was young.

Our football team was formed of those
Who averaged seven feet,
And every one a Hercules
In every way complete ;
While each could run a hundred yards
In seven seconds flat, —
Although, of course, the backs, you know,
Were fleetier far than that.

To get upon our baseball nine
You had to throw a ball
Three hundred yards, though many held
That nothing much at all ;
And many a time I 've seen the ball
When batted go so high
The batter made a home run first
Before they caught the fly.

And hockey — well, we 'd skate so fast
You could n't see our feet ;
While as for jumping, Henry Spring
Jumped right across the street : —

No, no, I don't dispute the fact
You boys are mighty fine,
But then, of course, you did n't know
The boys of 'Fifty-Nine.

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

CONQUERED AND CONQUEROR.

(From "The Prelude.")

WHEN summer came
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars ; and the selected bourne
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not ; now a Sister Isle
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown
With lilies of the valley like a field ;
And now a third small Island, where survived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy :
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride of
strength,
And the vainglory of superior skill,
Were tempered ; thus was gradually produced
A quiet independence of the heart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ETON BOATING SONG.

JOLLY boating weather
 And a hay harvest breeze,
 Blade on the feather,
 Shade off the trees ;
 Swing, swing together,
 With your back between your knees !

Skirting past the rushes,
 Ruffling o'er the weeds,
 Where the lock stream gushes,
 Where the cygnet feeds . . .
 Let us see how the wineglass flushes
 At supper at Boveney meads !

.

"Dreadnought," "Britannia," "Thetis,"
 "St. George," "Prince of Wales,"
 and "Ten,"

And the Eight poor souls whose meat is
 Hard steak, and a harder hen ;
 But the end of our long boat fleet is
 Defiance to Westminster men !

Harrow may be more clever —
 Rugby may make more row —
 But we'll row, row for ever,
 Steady from stroke to bow,
 And nothing in life shall sever
 The chain that is round us now.

Others will fill our places
 Dressed in the old light blue:
 We'll recollect our races,
 We'll to the flag be true,
 And youth will be still in our faces
 When we cheer for an Eton crew.

Twenty years hence this weather
 May tempt us from office stools,
 We may be slow on the feather
 And seem to the boys old fools;
 But we'll still swing together
 And swear by the best of schools!

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY.

TO SOGENES OF ÆGINA,

BOY VICTOR IN THE PENTATHLON.

(From Pindar's Seventh Nemean Ode.)

DAUGHTER of powerful Juno that dost cheer,
 Throned by the deep-foreboding destinies,
 The labouring birth, chaste Ilithyia, hear:
 Without thine aid, nor day nor midnight skies
 We view — nor youth in strength's proportions
 fair

Thy sister Hebe's season reach.
 Yet all not one pursuit, one passion share;
 Life hath its several yoke for each:
 Mark how Thearion's late-born son,
 Stout Sogenes, through thee begun
 Virtue's distinguished race; and loud renown
 In circling songs proclaims his fresh Pentath-
 lian crown.

For 'mongst the sons of Æacus he dwells :
They love the clanging spear, the warlike
lay;
They hail the aspiring heart, that pants and
swells
For the rough game, that courts the trying
fray ;
For whom the willing Muse mellifluous winds
Her warbling stream. — 'T is darkness all
When bravery no recording minstrel finds.
Then valorous deeds reflected fall
On the bright mirror's burnished plane,
When inspiration's mindful strain
Toil's everlasting recompense bestows,
And round the embellished gift her rich em-
broidery throws.

The wise, content not with life's present store,
To the fair breeze that shall hereafter blow,
Like prudent seamen, look. The rich, the poor,
Alike to death's dark tomb must go :
Then how in song their names shall shine
Enhanced, let famed Ulysses show ;
His woes, I ween, more brightly glow
In sweetest Homer's words and rhapsody
divine :

Round whose enchanting tale a sacred charm
His wingèd art hath wound ; while genius
deigns
Beguile us with bewitching fictions warm,
For vulgar eyes truth's radiant image strains :

Could they her beams behold without disguise,
Ne'er had the senseless sentence pressed
Proud Ajax, for the lost celestial prize,
To pierce his own indignant breast;
Ajax, the fierce Achilles slain,
Mightiest of all the boastful train
Whose barks the west wind wafteth o'er the tide
From Phrygian force to wrest the frail all-
beauteous bride.

Still, though death's wave without distinction roll
O'er all alike, the nameless and the great,
For warriors yet, that reach th' eternal goal,
Approved of heaven, conspicuous honours
wait.

Thus, when the towers of Troy, so long by
Greeks
Assailed, brave Pyrrhus to the skies
In smouldering flames had whirled, the grove
he seeks,
In whose dark shades sequestered lies
The spacious earth's mysterious nave,
And shrines him in a Pythian grave.
Wandering from Ilion's shore his bark had
crossed,
Far off his native Scyre, to Ephyra's distant
coast.

There the Molossian realm awhile he swayed,
And many an age his sons the diadem wore:
Thence to the Delphian god not long delayed
The first-fruits of his wars he bore —

The wealth of Ilion's wasted pride.
There for the plundered sacrifice,
While his bold arm the priest defies,
Felled by a stranger's axe, great Priam's conqueror died.

Sore grieved the Delphian hosts that foul disgrace ;

Yet thus the debt of destiny he paid.
Fate had required that of the Æacian race,
Within that ancient grove for ever laid,
Fast by the gorgeous fane, a king should rest ;
Whose hallowed shade with vigil pure,
When fuming offerings heaped th' heroic feast,
The pompous ritual might secure.

A word his rare desert rewards ;
True to his trust the rites he guards,
And fearless thus shall vouch — with virtue's ray
Jove's and Ægina's sons still light their glorious way.

Here let our praises pause — rest pleases all ;
Suspensions due the choicest sweets improve ;
Sweet honey's self the satiate taste will pall ;
Pall e'en the flowers of sweet luxurious love.
Nature, that gives us life, and fire, and frame,
With different wills inspires the breast ;
Each feels his several impulse, none the same ;
None e'er with every bliss was blest ;
Perfection's lot — that ne'er shall gleam
In history's roll, or fancy's dream.

Yet what kind fate to thee, Thearion, sends,
Comes with a gilded grace the wished occasion
lends.

Thine is the daring heart that throbs for fame,
The mind where wisdom's beams unclouded
play.
Doubt not the Muse; a stranger's faith I claim;
No slander lurks in honour's lay:
But, pure and plenteous as the flood
That warbles from the limpid spring,
My friend's unquestioned praise I sing;
'Tis virtue's earned reward, the wages of the
good.

Not e'en the Achæan chief, whose mansion
wild
O'erhangs the Ionian wave, my strain shall
blame:
Our states in friendship mix; with aspect mild
And clear I greet my countrymen; my aim
No forced extreme, no violent end pursues
(So pass in peace my closing day!):
Challenge my dearest inmates, if my Muse
To slander's lust e'er lent her lay.
O Sogenes, whose generous race
Th' Euxenian tribe shall ne'er disgrace,
Beyond truth's mark, I swear, my glowing
tongue
Flings not thy random praise, the javelin of her
song.

Thou with unsweated neck, with limbs untired,
 Didst in thy gripe the wrestler's rage re-
 press,
 Ere day's meridian flame thy limbs had fired ;—
 Toil, that but raised the raptures of success,
 Bear with my frenzy, if I rage and rave
 When victory bids my pinion soar ;
 'T is the heart's grace ; I grudge not for the
 brave
 To stake my spirit's wealthiest store.
 No skill the vulgar chaplets ask ;
 Reck not, my Muse, the unworthy task :
 Thou, with rich ivory chased, thy golden crown
 Dost weave with choral flowers from fostering
 sea-dews blown.

But when thy Nemean hymn the praise of Jove
 Remembers, with soft hand thy glorious lyre
 And touch chastised in modest numbers move.
 On that famed isle the sceptred sire
 Of all the gods with reverend voice
 Resounds : for there in happiest hour
 Ægina's womb the genial power
 With Æacus impregn'd, and bade her rocks
 rejoice.

He thy paternal brother, and thine host,
 Great Hercules, first raised our country's
 fame —
 Her prince and patron. Oh, if man may boast
 Man's friendship ; if, with hearts and hopes
 the same,

Associates dear in sweet fraternity
Life's purest joys delighted share,
And gods such bliss may taste ; oh, then with
thee,
Whose mastery quelled the Titan's war,
Brave Sogenes by fortune blest,
While filial reverence warms his breast,
Within these sacred walls, th' august retreat
Of all his affluent sires, will fix his favourite
seat :

For as the parting pole on either hand
Flanks the quadrigal chariot's gilded yoke,
Between thy stately fanes his turrets stand.
Blest youth ! him soothed by thee with prospering look
Jove and great Juno and the blue-eyed Maid
Shall guard : for, when disasters press,
Oft helpless man thy prompt exertions aid.
Vouchsafe, benignant Sire, to bless
His youth with power, his age with length
Of years, contentment, health, and strength ;
Vouchsafe the late descendants of his sons
Their father's fame shall share, augmenting as
it runs !

ABRAHAM MOORE.

A BALLADE OF LAWN TENNIS.

SOME gain a universal fame
By dint of pugilistic might;
To some all sports seem very tame
Except a fierce and fistic fight;
Some love the tourney, too, in spite
Of ancient armour, helm, and crest,
Where knights are smitten and do smite —
I like the Game of Tennis best.

Some love to take a gun and aim
At pretty birdlings in their flight;
Some also think it is no shame
To make poor trout and pickerel bite;
Some chase the deer from morn till night —
I like not such a bloody quest,
My sport is harmless, pleasant, light —
I like the Game of Tennis best.

Some for the ancient, royal game
Of golf. Arrayed in colours bright
They'll play until they're sore and lame —
A frenzy without justice, quite.
Baseball and football may have right,
Polo and cricket and the rest
Of sports too many to recite —
I like the Game of Tennis best.

Queen of the Court, my skill is light
In rhyming, but, perhaps, you've guessed
Why this ballade I thus indite —
I like the Game of Tennis best.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS,

IN THE FIELD.

THE expected loiterer comes at last;
Beneath the mellow wall they strip,
Then through the parted crowd stream past
In shy and serious fellowship.

My captain, skilled, if any there,
To stem the rush or shoot the goal,
He bids the ardent heart beware,
And lightly cheers an anxious soul.

To-day is big with mimic fate;
Grave nods reply to comrades' smiles;
Oppressed with little cares of state,
They gauge an adversary's wiles.

Then, as the shrill cheers echo higher,
They gather for the kindly fray,
And hearts that beat with kindred fire
Draw from young cheeks the blood away.

I hear the old familiar names
In quavering shrillness seize the air,
I mark the unselfish deed that claims
No honour, but is doubly fair;

Surprises infinitely great,
And little feats of high emprise,
Encouraged by a stormy cheer,
And envied by a thousand eyes.

Then to and fro the struggle veers ;
Be just, be generous if you can ;
And hark, how instantly he cheers —
The loud long-coated partisan.

Who wins the palm ? who rules the race ?
I care not, so the race be run ; —
Defeat may wear a nobler grace
Than easy triumphs lightly won.

What though far hence uncertain fears
Shall dim the fire of childish eyes,
Here pile your store, for after years,
Of seemliest, purest memories.

When ardent spring to autumn yields,
And these young heads are streaked with
grey,
Oh, may you prove in other fields
The faithful zeal you show to-day !

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

TO BE YOUNG.

AMID the fresh salt surf one's bit of buoyant
life to fling,
To know the glad uplift of that endeavoured
best
Which climbs above the undertow of life to
bring
One, face to face, the beauty of each wave's
surmounted crest.

HELEN ELDRED STARKE.

STOOL-BALL.

AT stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar-cakes and wine;
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss, or thine, or mine.

If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

But if, my sweetest, I shall get,
Then I desire but this :
That likewise I may pay the bet
And have for all a kiss.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HIGH JUMP.

HE slowly paced his distance off, and turned,
Took poise, and darted forward at full speed ;
Before the bar the heavy earth he spurned,
Himself an arrow. They who saw his deed
Tensed muscles, poised and ran and leaped,
and burned

With close-drawn breath, helping him to
succeed :

Now he is over, they are over, too ;
Foeman and friend were flying when he flew.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WRESTLER.

WHAT Old World hints of jungle haunt and
lair

Lie in those knots and cords and mighty
thighs?

Of fox and tiger in the chill hard stare

That looks through downward brows from
beady eyes?

The supple flexing sinew there that plies
In loin or biceps as he strides along

Swings as a lion's shoulder, lithe and strong.

Almost the clenched and bitter lips might
show

Fangs as he turns him snarling from the throng
And bends a level scorn upon his foe.

So front to front, so glinting eye to eye,

In some dank thicket of paludal wood,

With answering roar of rage to strange hoarse
cry,

Ranged with some huge gross bulk, his
forebear stood

With this dry thirst a-tingle in his blood,

This drouth for combat straining to his lip.

So stood the tendons iron in his grip,

So by some sudden lunge caught in mid-
girth

With swift gigantic play of arm or hip,

Throat-nipt the hairy thing tore at the earth.

Storm and torrent, bursting fire, and glare
Of rocking mountain, hiss and screech and
roar,

Reek of choking jungle, fang and snare,
The thunder of vast surf on beetling shore,
Keen beak and claw behind him and before,
Burned all his blood to savour of this creed,
This faith of stealthy pace and ready deed,
That to his trembling hand gave skill to
smite,

That winged his tardy feet with flying speed
And filled his ears with song of ringing fight.

The jungle stamp clings close, the brand is deep;
The subtle chemistries of blood and brain
Some lurking sense of cave and forest keep
As captive birds some haunting note retain
Of green and dewy woodland in their strain.
To finger-tips the veins exult and yearn
To feel the joy of conflict in them burn;
The very bones make mirth, the heart
upswells

As all the surging streams of life return,
And its fierce throbbing is as sound of bells.

To lay the mastered foeman at my feet,
To strive with straining sinews and to find
The clutched or hard-won laurel smelling sweet
That once about his labouring brows had
twined
And wear it for some chance of brawn or
mind;

To set all store upon this hollow aim,
This curl of leaves, this little wreath of fame, —
So strange it is and weird : when well I know
Here in this heart of me mine only foe.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

GOLF'S CARDINAL VIRTUES.

AN eye that never leaves the ball,
In swing, address, in flight and fall;
A nerve of iron, calm and cool,
Unruffled as a woodland pool;
And in the heart, and on the lip,
The spirit of true sportsmanship.

FRANCIS BOWLER KEENE.

SONG OF THE SWIMMERS.

(TO JOHN P. LYNN.)

*Oh, fair as love
In the blue above
The silvery sun-clouds bleach,
In the blue below
The white-caps' snow
Turns gold along the beach;
Bright ripples run
Against the sun
Before the soothing breeze,
And dear the tone
O' the summer moan
By the smiling summer seas!*

If sweet the draught
From well-springs quaffed
To dry and thirsty throats,
Thrice cool and sweet
The waves that greet
The swimmer as he floats;
Though soft the mesh
Against the flesh
Of silken sash and sleeve,
Yet softer far
The garments are
That velvet waters weave !

The great gales blow,
And high and low
The seas their lilies wreathe,
Long rollers lift
Their sheer spindrift
And swirl and strive and seethe ;
The swimmers urge
The lunging surge,
Compellers of the brine,
And stroke on stroke
Win through the smoke
O' the breakers' battle line.

The city ways
Make weary days,
And weary brains they make ;
And city roads
Hold heavy loads,
And heavy hearts they break ;

But light as air
Our bodies there
At Ocean's laughing lip,
When in the comb
Of bubbling foam
The merry swimmers dip.

*Oh, fair as love
In the blue above
The silvery sun-clouds bleach,
In the blue below
The white-caps' snow
Turns gold along the beach;
Bright ripples run
Against the sun
Before the soothing breeze,
And dear the tone
O' the summer moan
By the smiling summer seas!*

WALLACE RICE.

THE CRICKET PRECEPTS OF BALOO.

Suggested by Mr. Kipling's Jungle Laws.

*Now this is the Law of the Pastime, as wily as
ever a trout;
And the man that shall keep it may prosper,
but the Man that shall break it is Out.
As the sky that is over all foreheads, the Law
is for thin and for fat —
For the strength of the Bat is the Wood, and
the strength of the Wood is the Bat.*

When Team meets with Team on the green-
sward, each burning with zeal to prevail,
One Captain shall toss up a copper impressed
with a Head and a Tail.

The Captains shall run to the Copper, as ram
when he butteth at ram —
Who crieth out Head when 't is Tail not seldom
resorteth to — ;

But, Lad, in thy whiskerless state, and again
when thy whiskers are there,
Take Luck as it falls by the Copper, and deem
it unlovely to swear.

Go slow from the Tent to the Wicket; be-
padded and gauntleted go ;
Though the Man with the Ball is a Fellow, the
Man with the Ball is a Foe.

Confer with the Umpire for Guard's-sake, ask
thrice if the Middle be right ;
Though the Bowler trot slow to the Crease, yet
the Ball she shall come as the light.

Score daily from Over and Under ; drink not if
thy will is to stay ;
Remember the night is for Poker, but forget not
that noon is for play.

A baby may suck at a Jujube, but, Lad, ere thy
whiskers are grown,
Remember thy call is for Cricket, go forth and
get runs of thine own.

Keep peace with thy Club and Committee, nor
surlily growl as a bear.

If, scanning the Order of Going, thy name is the
bottommost there.

The Crease is the Cricketer's refuge, and there
while he faceth the foe,

Not even his Father may enter, not even his
Mother may go.

If thou fall to a Clinker, be silent, and fill not
thy friends with dismay,

Lest in terror he taketh his Block, lest thy brother
go empty away.

If thou make not a run for the score-sheet, oh,
bitter and black is the job !

Thou tellest of Duck to thy sweetheart, to men
thou recordest a Blob.

If a ball, after rapping thy fingers, is caught
while the enemies shout,

Prepare for a dignified exit. My friend, thou
art certainly out.

The Umpire is dominant always ; he answereth
many appeals ;

Though ruddy his face, yet his raiment is lily
from head to the heels.

Beware of a hasty contempt ; beware of pre-
sumptuous scoff —

Ere thou cried on the heart of thy Mother, he
bowled a big Break from the Off.

The ball that is dead on the wicket thou shalt
not obstruct with thy knee ;
If so, then the Trundler appealeth, and another
shall come after thee.

Now these are some laws of the Pastime, and he
who would cheat at the game
Was whelped by the Goblin Confusion, and
suckled unwisely by Shame.

*Yea, these be some laws of the Pastime, and
many and mighty are they ;
But the skin and skull of the Law, and the tuft
and the tail, is — Obey !*

NORMAN GALE.

THE TWAIN IN WATER.

TAKE two stronge men and in Temese cast hem,
And both naked as a nedle, there non sikerer
than other ;

The one hath cunnyng and can swymme and
dyve,

The other is lewd of ye labour, lerned never to
swym,

Which trowest ye of those two, in Temese is
most in dred,

He that never dived ne nought can of swym-
myng,

Or the swymmer that is safe, be so himself like ?
There his felow flete forth, as the flowd liketh
And is in dread to drench, that never did
swymme.

WILLIAM LANGLAND, 1361.

WELLESLEY, 1905, CREW SONG.

AWAY, away, at close of the golden day,
Afar, afar, till glimmers the evening star,
The waves astern in splendour burn.

The oars are ready,
The stroke is steady,
'T is 1905!

Along the shady shore the echoes are telling o'er
The swift and steady beat of oars that are light
and fleet;

And tow'ring high against the sky,
We see the hills and halls of our beautiful
Wellesley!

Away, away, at close of the golden day,
Afar, afar, till glimmers the evening star,
The waves astern in splendour burn.

The stroke is swinging,
The cheers are ringing,
'T is 1905!

And deep within the lake, wherever our path we
take,

A phantom shell below keeps place in the even-
ing glow;

And loud and clear a rousing cheer
Comes o'er the lake for the crew of the Manu-
ka-wa-i!

ANONYMOUS.

VITAI LAMPADA.

THERE's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—

Ten to make and the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red, —
Red with the wreck of a square that broke; —
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year
While in her place the School is set
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind —
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

HENRY NEWBOLT.

BOATING SONG.

(After Weatherly.)

WE sing the song of the boat and oar,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho ! Yeo-ho !
As we launch our shells from off the shore,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
With measured dip and steady clip we glide
along,
Our pulses leap to the rhythmic sweep that
marks our song,
And all together we catch and feather and lift
her strong,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
Yeo-ho ! we go, so swift and free ;
The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
The flashing blade and shell for me !

At Alma Mater's shrine we vow,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho ! Yeo-ho !
That the laurel wreath shall crown her brow,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
Or now we leap with bending sweep the river's
tide ;
For a noble class and a bonnie lass, and victory
our guide ;
Who never shall wait to see us late past the line
to glide,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !

The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
Yeo-ho! we go, so swift and free ;
The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
The flashing blade and shell for me!

ANONYMOUS.

SWIMMING.

(From "The Two Foscari.")

How many a time have I
Cloven, with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughened ; with a swimmer's
stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drenched
hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kissed it like a wine cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me ; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and seaweed, all unseen
By those above, till they awaxed fearful ; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As showed that I had searched the deep ; ex-
ulting
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurned
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird. — I was a boy then.

BYRON.

THE CHEER OF THOSE WHO SPEAK
ENGLISH.

THE playground is heavy with silence,
The match is almost done,
Our lads in the lengthening silence
Work hard for one more run :
It comes ; and the field is a-twinkle
With happy arms in air,
While over the ground
Rolls the masterful sound
Of victory revelling there :
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Three cheers, and a " tiger," too,
For the game we have won
And each sturdy son
Who carried the victory through !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
With clear voices uptossed
For the side that has lost,
And one cheer more
For those winning before
And all who shall ever win :
The cry that our boys send in —
The cheer of the boys who speak English !

The ships-of-the-line beat to quarters,
The drum and bugle sound,
The lanterns of battle are lighted,
" Cast off ! Provide ! " goes round ;

But ere the shrill order is given
For broadsides hot with hate,
Far over the sea
Rings hearty and free
Defiance to every fate :
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Three cheers and a "tiger," too,
For the fight to be won
And each sturdy son
Who 'll carry the victory through !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
With the shout of the fleet
For foes doomed to defeat,
And one cheer more
For those winning before,
And all who shall win again :
This is the cry of our men —
The cheer of the men who speak English !

The blare of the battle is over ;
The flag we love flies on ;
The sailors in sorrowful quiet
Look down on comrades gone ;
The tremulous prayers are ended ;
The sea obtains his dead ; —
Or ever the wave
Ripples over their grave,
One staunch good-bye is said :
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Three cheers, and a "tiger," too,
For the men who have won —
For each gallant son
Who gave up his life to be true !

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the host
For the brothers we've lost,
And one cheer more
For those falling before,
And those who have yet to fall:
This is the cry of us all —
The cheer of the folk who speak English!

WALLACE RICE.

THE CYCLER'S SONG.

THE morning's breath blows softly cool
Adown the shady road;
The birds are piping by the pool
A happy, golden ode.

Now draw your breath, and fill your soul
With liquor from the sun!
Now spurt and push, ply, spin, and bowl,
And snatch a world of fun!

.
Night settles softly o'er the world —
Haste, haste, the day is done!
The flag of light is almost furled;
Now dies the blood-red sun!

And life's a race! then dash apace
To win the olive crown!
Who wins the day may well be gay
To wear his rich renown.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

ZERMATT: TO THE MATTERHORN.

(June-July, 1897.)

THIRTY-TWO years since, up against the sun,
Seven shapes, thin atomies to lower sight,
Labouringly leaped and gained thy gabled
height,
And four lives, paid for what the seven had
won.

They were the first by whom the deed was done,
And when I look at thee, my mind takes
flight
To that day's tragic feat of manly might,
As though, till then, of history thou hadst
none.

Yet ages ere men topped thee, late and soon
Thou watch'dst each night the planets lift and
lower;
Thy gauntness gleamed to Joshua's sun and
moon,
And braved the tokening sky when Cæsar's
power
Approached its bloody end; yea, saw that
Noon
When darkness filled the earth till the ninth
hour.

THOMAS HARDY.

THE WRESTLER.

WHEN God sends out His company to travel
through the stars,

There is every kind of wonder in the show ;
There is every kind of animal behind its prison
bars ;

With riders in a many-coloured row.

The master showman, Time, has a strange trick
of rhyme,

And the clown's most ribald jest is a tear ;
But the best drawing card is the Wrestler huge
and hard,

Who can fill the tent at any time of year.

His eye is on the crowd, and he beckons with
his hand,

With authoritative finger, and they come.

The rules of the game they do not understand,

But they go as in a dream, and are dumb.

They would fain say him nay, and they look the
other way,

Till at last to the ropes they cling.

But he throws them one by one till the show for
them is done,

In the blood-red dust of the ring.

There's none to shun his challenge — they must
meet him soon or late,

And he knows a cunning trick for all heels.

The king's haughty crown drops in jeers from
his pate

As the hold closes on him, and he reels.

The burly and the proud, the braggarts of the crowd,
Every one of them he topples down in thunder.
His grip grows mild for the dotard and the child,
But alike they must all go under.

Oh, many a mighty foeman would try a fall
with him ; —
Persepolis, and Babylon, and Rome,
Assyria, and Sardis, they see their fame grow dim
As he tumbles in the dust every dome.
At last will come an hour when the stars shall
feel his power,
And he shall have his will upon the sun.
Ere we know what he 's about the lights will be
put out,
And the wonder of the show will be undone.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE TENNIS COURT.

WHEN as the hand at Tennis plays,
And men to gaming fall ;
Love is the Court, Hope is the House,
And Favour serves the ball.

This Ball itself is Due Desert ;
The Line that measure shows
Is Reason ; whereon Judgement looks,
Where players win, or lose.

The Tutties are Deceitful Shifts;
The Stoppers, Jealousy;
Which hath Sir Argus' hundred eyes,
Wherewith to watch and pry.

The Fault, whereby fifteen is lost,
Is Want of Wit and Sense;
And he that brings the racket in,
Is Double Diligence.

But now the Racket is Free Will;
Which makes the ball rebound:
And noble Beauty is the Choice
And of each game the ground.

Then Rashness strikes the ball away,
And there is oversight.
"A bandy ho!" the people cry;
And so the ball takes flight.

Now at the length, Good-Liking proves
Content to be their gain.
Thus in the Tennis Court, Love is
A pleasure mixed with pain.

ANONYMOUS, 1655.

TO A BOY.

PLAY — and play hard, for youth's a song;
Play — and play true, for age is long!

ANONYMOUS.

MY BATH.

KINNAIRD BURN, NEAR PITLOCHRIE.

COME here, good people great and small, that
wander far abroad,
To drink of drumly German wells, and make a
weary road
To Baden and to Wiesbaden, and how they all
are named,
To Carlsbad and to Kissingen, for healing virtue
famed ;
Come stay at home, and keep your feet from
dusty travel free,
And I will show you what rare bath a good God
gave to me ;
'Tis hid among the Highland hills beneath the
purple brae,
With cooling freshness free to all, nor doctor's
fee to pay.

No craft of mason made it here, nor carpenter,
I wot ;
Nor tinkering fool with hammering tool to shape
the charmed spot ;
But down the rocky-breasted glen the foamy
torrent falls
Into the amber caldron deep, fenced round
with granite walls.
Nor gilded beam, nor pictured dome, nor cur-
tain, roofs it in,

But the blue sky rests, and white clouds float,
above the bubbling linn,
Where God's own hand hath scooped it out in
Nature's Titan hall,
And from her cloud-fed fountains drew its
waters free to all.

Oh, come and see my Highland bath, and prove
its freshening flood,
And spare to taint your skin with swathes of
drumly German mud :
Come plunge with me into the wave like liquid
topaz fair,
And to the waters give your back that spout
down bravely there ;
Then float upon the swirling flood, and, like a
glancing trout,
Plash about, and dash about, and make a lively
rout,
And to the gracious sun display the glory of
your skin,
As you dash about and splash about in the
foamy-bubbling linn.

Oh, come and prove my bonnie bath ; in sooth
't is furnished well
With trees, and shrubs, and spreading ferns,
all in the rocky dell,
And roses hanging from the cliff in grace of
white and red,
And little tiny birches nodding lightly overhead,

And spiry larch with purple cones, and tips of
virgin green,
And leafy shade of hazel copse with sunny glints
between :
Oh, might the Roman wight be here who praised
Bandusia's well,
He 'd find a bath to Nymphs more dear in my
sweet Highland dell !

Some folks will pile proud palaces, and some
will wander far
To scan the blinding of a sun, or the blinking
of a star ;
Some sweat through Afric's burning sands ; and
some will vex their soul
To find heaven knows what frosty prize beneath
the Arctic pole.
God bless them all ; and may they find what
thing delights them well
In east or west, or north or south, — but I at
home will dwell
Where fragrant ferns their fronds uncurl, and
healthful breezes play,
And clear brown waters grandly swell beneath
the purple brae.

Oh, come and prove my Highland bath, the
burn, and all the glen,
Hard-toiling wights in dingy nooks, and scribes
with inky pen,
Strange thoughtful men with curious quests that
vex your fretful brains,

And scheming sons of trade who fear to count
your slippery gains ;
Come wander up the burn with me, and thread
the winding glen,
And breathe the healthful power that flows
down from the breezy Ben,
And plunge you in the deep brown pool ; and
from beneath the spray
You'll come forth like a flower that blooms
'neath freshening showers in May !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE DIVER.

LIKE marble, nude, against the purple sky,
In ready poise, the diver scans the sea
Gemming the marsh's green placidity,
And mirroring the fearless form on high.

Behold the outward leap — he seems to fly !
His arms like arrow-blade just speeded free ;
His body like the curving bolt, to be
Deep-driven till the piercing flight shall die.

Sharply the human arrow cleaves the tide,
Only a foaming swell to mark his flight ;
While shoreward moves the silent ring on ring.

And now the sea is stirred and broken wide
Before the swimmer's passage swift and light,
And bears him as a courser bears a king.

JOHN FREDERIC HERBIN.

FROM "A GLIMPSE OF ITALY."

OH joy! to seek bright cliffs — far-spied
O'er morning mist-glooms — silvery-gleaming
Through sun-lit fleece-bars, each beside
Its shadow, slowly steaming!

By Lauterbrun; up Meyringen;
Between the flanking walls to wander
And airy turrets of the glen
Of fiercely groaning Kander!

To thread the green white-speckled vales
Beneath some rampart so high-towering —
Across the clouds its summit sails!
Then watch black pines low-cowering;

Or crowding upward, where they pause,
Close-phalanxed storming some great fast-
ness;
Or strew their slain huge trunks like straws
Upon the mountain's vastness!

While earth and sky against us fight,
A savage scowling combination
To struggle up each giant height
In weary exultation!

To climb the skies on mountain sides,
An ocean-waste of peaks commanding;
And drink the gale the eagle rides,
Breast, heart, and soul expanding!

This first : — and then aside we fling
Stern toilsome resolution's armour ;
And rush where all thy Syrens sing,
Thou everlasting charmer !

ALFRED DOMETT.

SONG FOR A GOLFING DAY.

OUT of the south there 's just the hint
In the touch of the breeze of the tang of mint
And the tonic essence hid in the fir,
Setting the pulse, like a chord, astir
To a tune that lures the heart away ; —
Sing " hurrah ! " 't is a golfing day !

Never a cloud in the sky a-swim !
Just a chalice from rim to rim
A-brim with the wine they call delight ;
Come, and quaff from the nectar bright !
Could there be keener pleasure ? Nay ! —
Sing " hurrah ! " 't is a golfing day !

You and I on the green that gleams
Like the emerald reaches seen in dreams ;
You and I with the staunch and swing
And stroke of our dearest visioning ;
Where is the power shall bid us stay ? —
Sing " hurrah ! " 't is a golfing day !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

GOLFER CUPID.

THERE'S mischief in his merry eye —
(Beneath the veined lid
What laughing wiles unnumbered lie
To witless mortals hid!)
There's pranksomeness within his air;
There's roguery in his pose;
Aye, man and maid had best beware
When Cupid golfing goes!

He takes the ball — is it a heart?
I' faith, methinks it is!
Behold him swing with faultless art —
And what a blow is his!
Before his prowess all must bow,
This bogey, — ah, our woes!
No need of bow and arrows now
That Cupid golfing goes!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A TRINITY BOATING SONG.

ALL hail! ye men from Trinity, who sport the
old dark blue,
Who man the brittle cedar ship and sweep your
oar-blades through;
Who mark it well and far behind, and make the
finish ring,
And shoot your hands like lightning out, and
slowly, slowly swing;

Now fling your ancient banner forth ; Dame
 Fortune smooths her frowns
 When she sees your golden Lion with his triple
 gear of crowns ;
 Reach out, reach out and keep it long, O men
 of ship and tub,
 Though the stroke be two-and-forty, for the
 honour of your Club !

*So it's steady, boys, and swing to it,
 And lift her as you spring to it :
 Now, now you're fairly driving her, by Jupiter !
 she jumps !
 And the men who follow after,
 Shall recite with joy and laughter
 All the glory of your story and the record of
 your bumps.*

Ye cricketers, your runs mount up while brightly
 shines the sun ;
 With rain, in quite another sense, you have to
 cut and run.
 But us nor native hurricane nor transatlantic
 storm
 Can force to quit our daily toil, our daily dose
 of form.
 The rain may pour, the wind may blow — they
 pour and blow in vain,
 With equal hearts we face the wind, with equal
 hearts the rain.
 And, when the work is past and done and night
 begins to fall,
 We pile the plate and fill the glass, and tell the
 tale in hall.

They can not know, who lounge and loaf, the
fierce exultant glow
That warms the heart and stirs the pulse when
eight men really row,
When the banks go wild with roaring, and the
roar becomes a yell,
And the bowmen feel her dancing as she lifts
upon the swell ;
And the crowd in chaos blending rend the
welkin with advice :
" Swing out, you 've gained, you 're gaining,
you must get them in a trice ! "
Till with one last stroke we do it, and the cox-
swain's face grows bright,
And it's " Easy all, my bonny boys, you 've made
your bump to-night. "

I met a solid rowing friend, and asked about
the race,
" How fared it with your wind, " I said, " when
stroke increased the pace ?
You swung it forward mightily, you heaved it
greatly back ;
Your muscles rose in knotted lumps, I almost
heard them crack.
And while we roared and rattled too, your eyes
were fixed like glue,
What thoughts went flying through your mind,
how fared it, Five, with you ? "
But Five made answer solemnly, " I heard them
fire a gun,
No other mortal thing I knew until the race
was done. "

Then shout for old First Trinity, and let your
song be heard
Not less for those who proudly wear the blue-
and-white of Third.
One kindly mother claims us all, she bids us
play our parts
As men whose Clubs are separate, while friend-
ship joins their hearts.
We ply the oar in rivalry, and in the mimic fray
With eager zest and dogged pluck we battle
through the day.
But when the gallant fight is o'er, united we can
stand,
And hold our own in name and fame, but clasp
a foeman's hand.

*So it's steady, boys, and swing to it,
And lift her as you spring to it :
Now, now you're fairly driving her, by Jupiter!
she jumps!
And the men who follow after
Shall recite with joy and laughter
All the glory of your story and the record of
your bumps.*

R. C. LEHMANN.

THE CANOE SPEAKS.

(From "Poems and Ballads," copyright, 1895, 1896, by
Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ON the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro.
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep :

I, whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch, a hand withhold:
I, rather, with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out;
I, the unnamed, inviolate,
Green, rustic rivers, navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble-brakes;
Still forth on my green way I wend
Beside the cottage garden-end;
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.
By willow wood and water wheel
Speedily floats my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots;
By meadows where at afternoon
The growing maidens troop in June
To loose their girdles on the grass.
Ah, speedier than before the glass
The backward toilet goes; and swift
As swallows quiver, robe and shift
And the rough country stockings lie
Around each young divinity.
When, following the recondite brook,
Sudden upon this scene I look,
And light with unfamiliar face
On chaste Diana's bathing-place,
Loud ring the hills about and all —
The shallows are abandoned. . . .

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE BOAT RACE.

"THERE, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.
I won it, Ned ; and you shall win it too,
Or wait a twelvemonth. Books — for ever
books !

Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes !
I 'd have you, boy, a man, with thews and
strength

To breast the world with, and to cleave your
way,

No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,
She needing yours. There — there — I love
you, Ned,

Both for your own and for your mother's sake :
So win our boat race, and the cup, next month,
And you shall have her." With a broad loud
laugh,

A jolly triumph at his own conceit,
He left the subject ; and, across the wine,
We talked, — or rather, all the talk was his, —
Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,
Both of his set, and others — Clare, the boast
Of Jesus', — and young Edmunds, he who fell,
Cleaving the ranks of Lucknow ; and, to-day
There was young Chester might be named with
them ;

"Why, boy, I 'm told his room is lit with cups
Won by his sculls. Ned, if he rows he wins ;
Small chance for you, boy !" And again his
laugh,

With its broad thunder, turned my thoughts to
gall;

But yet I masked my humour with a mirth
Moulded on his; and, feigning haste, I went,
But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,
But, on its sun-flecked seats, its jessamine shades
Trembled on no one. Down the garden's paths
Wandered my eye, in rapid quest of one
Sweeter than all its roses, and across
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,
There in the orchard's greenness, down beyond
Its sweetbriar hedgerow, found her — found her
there,

A summer blossom that the peering sun
Peeped at through blossoms, — that the summer
airs

Wavered down blossoms on, and amorous gold
Warm as that rained on Danaë. With a step,
Soft as the sunlight, down the pebbled path
I passed; and, ere her eye could cease to count
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood
Dreaming (was I her thought?), my murmured
“Kate”

Shocked up the tell-tale roses to her cheeks,
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love
That dimmed the daylight. Then I told her all,
And told her that her father's jovial jest
Should make her mine, and kissed her sunlit
tears

Away, and all her little trembling doubts,
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,
And all the future smiled with happy love.

Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east,
Gleamed through the twilight, did we stay our
talk,
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whispered words
Remembered for a lifetime. Home I went,
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes
Were mine! — what thoughts, that stilled to
happy dreams,
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home,
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine),
With little faces, and the gleams of curls,
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.
O happy night! O more than happy dreams!

But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,
As if but boating were the crown of life,
Forgetting Tennyson, and books, and rhymes,
Even my new tragedy upon the stocks,
I throned my brain with talks of lines and curves,
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,
And furbished up the knowledge that I had,
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,
And made me book-worm; all that day my
hand
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach
Of the green river lengthened on my sight,
Its by-laid cunning back; so, day by day,
From when dawn touched our elm-tops, till the
moon

Gleamed through the slumbrous leafage of our
lawns,

I flashed the flowing Isis from my oars
And dreamed of triumph and the prize to come,
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,
Against the men with whom I was to row,
Until I feared but Chester — him alone.

So June stole on to July, sun by sun,
And the day came ; how well I mind that day !
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad
To dim the glorious greenness of the fields,
And all a happy hush about the earth,
And not a hum to stir the drowsy noon,
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,
Banking the river, swarmed the city out,
Loud of the contest, bright as humming birds,
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,
That flushed with boats and barges, silken-
awned,

Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,
Our College toasts, and gay with jests and
laugh,

Bright as their champagne. One, among them
all,

My eye saw only ; one, that morning, left
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,
And spoke of certain hope, and mocked at
fears —

One, that upon my neck had parting hung
Arms white as daisies — on my bosom hid
A tearful face that sobbed against my heart,

Filled with what fondness! yearning with what
love!

O hope, and would the glad day make her mine?
O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone?
There was a murmur in my heart of "Yes,"
That sung to slumber every wakening fear
That still would stir and shake me with its
dread.

And now a hush was on the wavering crowd
That swayed along the river, reach by reach
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn —
A barge moored mid-stream, flushed with flut-
tering flags.

And we were ranged, and, at the gun we went,
As in a horse-race, all, at first, a-crowd;
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropped off,
Till, rounding the moored mark, Chester and I
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife
Was come, and hoped 'gainst fear, and, oar to
oar,

Strained to the work before me. Head to head
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil;
But Chester gained, so much his tutored strength
Held on, enduring, — mine still waning more,
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,
Until I groaned with anguish. Chester heard,
And turned a wondering face upon me quick,
And tossed a laugh across, with jesting words:
"What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so?"

The cup 's not worth the moaning of a man,
No, nor the triumph. Tush! boy, I *must* win."
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry
Burst, "Kate, oh, dearest Kate — oh, love — we
lose!"

"Ah, I've a Kate, too, here to see me win!"
He answered; "Faith, boy, I pity you."
"Oh, if you lose," I answered, "you but lose
A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride;
I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!
Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness —
What years with her that I might call my wife!
Winning, I win her!" O thrice noble heart!
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;
I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;
I saw the flush of pride die into one
Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve;
No word he spoke; only one look he threw,
That told me all; and, ere my heart could leap
In prayers and blessings rained upon his name,
I was before him, through the tracking eyes
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,
The shouting goal, that hurled my conquering
name
Miles wide in triumph, "Chester foiled at last!"
Oh, how I turned to him! with what a heart!
Unheard the shouts — unseen the crowding
gaze
That ringed us. How I wrung his answering
hand
With grasps that blessed him, and with flush
that told

I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,
And scorned its triumph. So I won my wife,
My own dear wife; and so I won a friend,
Chester, more dear than all but only her,
And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

A CRICKET BOWLER.

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in !
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple
back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin, —
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English
skin.

Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may
scare.

Not loath, the rested lad resumes the game :
The flung ball takes one maddening tortuous
bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

A LAY OF THE LINKS.

It's up and away from our work to-day,
For the breeze sweeps over the down;
And it's hey for a game where the gorse blossoms flame,
And the bracken is bronzing to brown.
With the turf 'neath our tread and the blue overhead,
And the song of the lark in the whin;
There's the flag and the green, with the bunkers between —
Now will you be over or in?

The doctor may come, and we'll teach him to know
A tee where no tannin can lurk;
The soldier may come, and we'll promise to show
Some hazards a soldier may shirk;
The statesman may joke, as he tops every stroke,
That at last he is high in his aims;
And the clubman will stand with a club in his hand
That is worth every club in St. James'.

The palm and the leather come rarely together,
Gripping the driver's haft,
And it's good to feel the jar of the steel
And the spring of the hickory shaft.

Why trouble or seek for the praise of a clique —
A cleek here is common to all ;
And the lie that might sting is a very small thing
When compared with the lie of a ball.

Come youth and come age, from the study or
stage,

From Bar or from Bench — high and low !
A green you must use as a cure for the blues —
You drive them away as you go.

We're outward bound on a long, long round,
And it's time to be up and away :
If worry and sorrow come back with the morrow,
At least we'll be happy to-day.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE BATSMAN'S ART.

STAND you erect, as doth befit a man ;
Firm let your right foot on the ground be set ;
Keep your left elbow up, nor e'er forget
Keenly the bowler and the ball to scan,
And hit not by a preconcerted plan.
Play a straight bat, so shall each ball be met
By the full blade. Still at the practice net
Play as you would if now the match began.

Do not assault the Umpire. Play to win,
Not to achieve a lordly average ;
Pull not a fast straight ball ; with care begin ;
Answer at once your fellow-batsman's call,
Last, play not under, but above the ball :
So counsels you Polonius the sage.

EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN.

THE FOOT RACE IN SICILY.

(From Virgil's "Æneid," Book V.)

FROM thence his way the Trojan hero bent
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains
pent,

Whose sides were shaded with surrounding
wood.

Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theatre, which rising slow
By just degrees o'erlooked the ground below.

High on a sylvan throne the leader sate ;
A numerous train attend in solemn state.
Here those that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honour and the prize invite,
The rival runners without order stand,
The Trojans mixed with the Sicilian band.

First Nisus with Euryalus appears,
Euryalus a boy of blooming years,
With sprightly grace and equal beauty crowned ;
Nisus for friendship to the youth renowned ;
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, joined with Patron, took their
place ;

But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these
Swift Helymus and lovely Panopes,
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,
And owning old Acestes for their head,
With several others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not delivered o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explained,
In words which general approbation gained :
" One common largess is for all designed,
The vanquished and the victor shall be joined.
Two darts of polished steel and Gnosian wood,
A silver studded axe alike bestowed.
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed ;
The first of these obtains a stately steed
Adorned with trappings, and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feathered Thracian arrows well supplied ;
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied ;
The third this Grecian helmet shall content."

He said : to their appointed base they went,
With beating hearts the expected sign receive,
And starting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the wingèd winds they flew,
And seized the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpassed,
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste ;
The next, but though the next, yet far disjoined,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind ;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied
Step after step, and almost side by side,
His shoulders pressing, and in longer space
Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last,
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
Slipped first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,
Soaked with the blood of oxen, newly slain ;

The careless victor had not marked his way,
But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor
He fell, besmeared with filth and holy gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove the immediate rival's hope to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose :
So Salius lay extended on the plain ;
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd ; applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquished by his
friend ;
Next Helymus ; and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.

But Salius enters, and exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd,
Urges his cause may in the courts be heard,
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferred.
But favour for Euryalus appears —
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had bribed the judges for the promised prize ;
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward
If the first palm on Salius be conferred.

Then thus the prince : — " Let no disputes arise ;
Where Fortune placed it, I award the prize ;
But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend."
He said ; and from among the spoil he draws
(Ponderous with shaggy mane and golden paws)

A lion's hide; to Salius this he gives:
Nisus with envy sees the gift and grieves.
"If such rewards to vanquished men are due,"
He said, "and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune tried:
Would Fortune for my fall so well provide?"
With this he pointed to his face, and showed
His hands and all his habit smeared with blood.
The indulgent father of the people smiled,
And caused to be produced an ample shield
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph
brought;
Thus given to Nisus, he divides the rest,
And equal justice in his gifts expressed.

JOHN DRYDEN.

IN NICHOLSON'S "ALMANAC OF SPORTS."

(With Verses by Kipling.)

In all your Calendar of Sports
Why, Rudyard, do you slight the wheel?
Were you, then, never out of sorts
Until you felt the vibrant steel
Skim over miles of level track?
For youth, with all its hope and cheer,
When we're a-wheel comes rolling back—
And it is summer all the year!

ROBERT BRIDGES ("Droch").

A LOVE GAME.

'T WAS after a game of tennis ;
My service had won the set,
And, in merry congratulation,
Our hands met over the net.

I said, half-jesting, half-earnest, " When Jacob
so long ago
Served fourteen years for a wife, he won in the
end, you know ;
Now, how many years of service would you ask
from the man you 'd wed ? "
Though the glance of her eyes belied her,
" Fifteen — love," was what she said.

A trifle piqued at her answer, I said, " He
would then be old,
And your love for your faithful server would
perchance have grown a-cold ;
Pray tell me what age would suit you in the
man you would care to wed ? "
Though the glance of her eyes belied her,
" Thirty — love," was what she said.

" You speak as if you 'd decided to marry a man
of that age,
But your eyes tell a different story, in spite of
their look so sage,
Now how many men of that age have you seen
whom you 'd care to wed ? "
Though the glance of her eyes belied her,
" Forty — love," was what she said.

Half in anger I turned to leave her; but she
was a true coquette,
And ere I was out of hearing a whisper came
over the net :
“ Don't you know, you silly fellow, that you are
the man I 'd wed,
And all that I've said was only ‘Game —
love,’ ” she laughingly said.

'T was after a game of tennis ;
My service had won the set,
And, in reconciliation,
Our lips met over the net.

W. B. ANDERSON.

FROM “TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE”

AND mightier grew the joy to meet full-faced
Each wave, and mount with upward plunge, and
taste
The rapture of its rolling strength, and cross
Its flickering crown of snows that flash and toss
Like plumes in battle's blithest charge, and
thence
To match the next with yet more strenuous
sense ;
Till on his eyes the light beat hard and bade
His face turn west and shoreward through the
glad
Swift revel of the waters golden-clad,
And back with light reluctant heart he bore
Across the broad-backed rollers in to shore.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

BALLADE OF THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF.

(East Fifeshire.)

THERE are laddies will drive ye a ba'
To the burn frae the farthestmost tee,
But ye mauna think driving is a',
Ye may heel her, and send her ajee,
Ye may land in the sand or the sea ;
And ye 're dune, sir, ye 're no worth a preen,
Tak' the word that an auld man 'll gie,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

The auld folk are crouse, and they craw
That their putting is pawky and slee ;
In a bunker they 're nae gude ava',
But to girn, and to gar the sand flee.
And a lassie can putt — ony she, —
Be she Maggy, or Bessie, or Jean,
But a cleek-shot 's the billy for me,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

I hae played in the frost and the thaw,
I hae played since the year thirty-three,
I hae played in the rain and the snaw,
And I trust I may play till I dee ;
And I tell ye the truth and nae lee,
For I speak o' the thing I hae seen —
Tom Morris, I ken, will agree —
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

Prince, faith you 're improving a wee,
And, Lord, man, they tell me you 're keen;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

ANDREW LANG.

HEALTH.

AH ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
How tasteless then whatever can be given !
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise, of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss ;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly
play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as
clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of
health !
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind :
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find :
See, how the younglings frisk along the
meads,
As May comes on, their joy all joy exceeds !
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
pleasaunce breeds ?

JAMES THOMSON.

THE SAIR STROKE.

*O waly, waly, my bonnie crew
Gin ye maun bumpit be !
And waly, waly, my Stroke sae true,
Ye leuk unpleasantlie !*

*O hae ye suppit the sad sherrie
That gars the wind gae soon ;
Or hae ye pu'd o' the braw bird's e'e,
Ye be sae stricken down ?*

I hae na suppit the sad sherrie,
For a' my heart is sair ;
For Keiller 's still i' the bonnie Dundee,
And his is halesome fare.

But I hae slain our gude Captain,
That c'uld baith shout and sweer,
And ither twain put out o' pain —
The Scribe and Treasurere.

There 's ane lies stark by the meadow-gate,
And twa by the black, black brig :
And waefu', waefu', was the fate
That gar'd them there to lig !

They waked us soon, they warked us lang,
Wearily did we greet ;
"Should he abraide" was a' our sang,
Our food but butcher's-meat.

We hadna train'd but ower a week,
A week, but barely twa,
Three sonsie steeds they fared to seek,
That mightna gar them fa'.

They 've ta'en us ower the lang, lang coorse,
And wow ! but it was wark ;
And ilka coach he sware him hoorse,
That ilka man s'uld hark.

Then upped and spake our pawkie bow, —
O, but he wasna late !
“ Now who shall gar them cry *Enow*,
That gang this fearsome gate ? ”

Syne he has ta'en his boatin' cap,
And cast the keevils in,
And wha but me to gae (God hap !)
And stay our Captain's din ?

I stayed his din by the meadow-gate,
His feres, by Nuneham brig,
And waefu', waefu', was the fate
That gar'd them there to lig !

O waly to the welkin's top !
And waly round the braes !
And waly all about the shop
(To use ā Southron phrase).

Rede ither crews be debonair,
But we 've a weird to dree,
I wis we maun be bumpit sair

By boaties two and three :
Sing stretchers of yew for our Toggere,
Sith we maun bumpit be !

ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH.

ON THE SPOT.

NOTHING comes amiss,
Kicker, shooter, yorker !
How the Champion bangs
Lob or cunning corker !
Let the watchers scold
Bowlers young or old,
Censure matters not —
Grace is on the spot !

The Champion's on the spot again
To stop the Gloucester rot again,
And bowling goes to pot again
Before the King of Cricket !

Well may fielders pant,
Fourer after fourer !
Now the pace is warm
Even for the scorer.
This is simply joy —
Lump it in, Old Boy !
Don't she skip along ?
Grace is going strong !

The Champion's going strong again,
He makes her move along again ;
There's very little wrong again,
With Grace, the King of Cricket !

NORMAN GALE.

MY LADY ON THE LINKS.

WHEN my lady plays golf there 's commotion
galore,

There 's a caddie beside her, another before ;
And she handles her clubs with a confident
ease,

For my lady is playing the game, if you please,
And gives strictest attention to bunkers and
tees,

When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf you must always
avoid

Any subject but golf, or she 'll be much
annoyed ;

For if she should let her mind wander, I fear
She would " go off her game," and you 'd pres-
ently hear

Far stronger expressions than simply " Oh
dear ! "

When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf then of stance and of
grip

She 's as careful as if in the championship ;

And when she leaves off at the close of the
day,

And her caddies are paid, and her clubs put
away

(Which never occurs till it's too dark to play),

Then my lady *talks* golf.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LINKS OF LOVE.

MY heart is like a driver-club,
That heaves the pellet hard and straight,
That carries every let and rub,
The whole performance really great ;
My heart is like a bulger-head,
That whiffles on the wily tee,
Because my love has kindly said
She 'll halve the round of life with me.

My heart is also like a cleek,
Resembling most the mashie sort,
That spans the object, so to speak,
Across the sandy bar to port ;
And hers is like a putting-green,
The haven where I boast to be,
For she assures me she is keen
To halve the round of life with me.

Raise me a bunker, if you can,
That beetles o'er a deadly ditch,
Where any but the bogey-man
Is practically bound to pitch ;
Plant me beneath a hedge of thorn,
Or up a figurative tree,
What matter, when my love has sworn
To halve the round of life with me ?

OWEN SEAMAN.

BALLADE OF CRICKET.

(TO T. W. LANG.)

THE burden of hard hitting : Slog away !

Here shalt thou make a five and there a four,
And then upon thy bat shalt lean, and say,
That thou art in for an uncommon score.

Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar,
And thou to rival Thornton shall aspire,

When lo ! the Umpire gives thee "leg-
before," —

"This is the end of every man's desire !"

The burden of much bowling, when the stay

Of all thy team is collared, swift or slower,
When bailers break not in their wonted way,
And yorkers come not off as heretofore.

When length balls shoot no more, ah, never
more,

When all deliveries lose their former fire,

When bats seem broader than the broad
barn-door, —

"This is the end of every man's desire !"

The burden of long fielding, when the clay

Clings to thy shoon in sudden showers down-
pour,

And running still thou stumblest, or the ray

Of blazing suns doth bite and burn thee sore,

And blind thee till, forgetful of thy lore,

Thou dost most mournfully misjudge a skyer

And lose a match the Fates can not restore, —

"This is the end of every man's desire !"

Alas, yet liefer on youth's hither shore
Would I be some poor Player on scant hire
Than King among the old who play no more,—
“*This* is the end of every man's desire!”

ANDREW LANG.

THE WEIGHT THROWING OF ODYSSEUS.

(From Homer's “Odyssey,” Book VIII.)

King Alcinous proposes field sports.

“O LORDS of the folk Phæacian, O elders,
hearken and hear!
Our souls have we now contented with the
feast and the equal cheer,
And the harp-song, ever the yoke-mate of all
feast that fair shall be:
Now fare we forth and try us in the strife of
game and glee,
That our guest when home he cometh to his
friends may tell the tale
How we above all others in the play of fists
prevail,
And the wrestling-play, and the leaping, and in
the swift-foot race.”

They all go out to the grounds.

So saying, forth he led them and they followed
from the place;
And the henchman hung on a pin the clear-
voiced harp withal,
And Demodocus' hand was he taking to bring
him forth from the hall;

By the road that the others had wended he led
him on the way,
Yea, all the chiefs Phæacian, to look upon the
play.
Forth they fared to the Stead of Meeting, and
there followed a mighty throng,
A thousandfold a thousand; and up stood the
young and the strong.

The young men run and wrestle.

Straight stretched the course from the starting,
and all together amain
Full swiftly forth, were they fleeting and stirred
up the dust of the plain.
Great Clytoneüs in running was best of all the
band,
And as far as the mules draw furrow across the
fallow land
So far he outwent the others when he came to
the folk again.

Next then in the play of wrestling they strove
with care and pain,
And therein it was Euryalus who prevailed o'er
all the best;
But Amphialus in the leaping by far outwent
the rest,
And in casting the stone Elatreus excelled o'er
every one,
And Laodamas in the boxing, Alcinous' valiant
son.

They seek to involve Odysseus.

But now, when all in their hearts were fain of
the game and the play,
Laodamas spake amongst them, Alcinous' son
'gan say :

“Come, friends, let us ask the stranger if of
games he knoweth aught,
And hath learned to play ; for his body in no
evil wise is wrought :

Nay, look to his thighs and his legs, and both
his hands forsooth !

And the brawny neck and stark strength of the
man ! Nor yet in youth

Is he lacking, but worn and wasted with many a
toilsome woe,

For nothing worse than the sea to crush up a
man do I know,

And to wear him down ; yea, even though ex-
ceeding strong he be.”

Then Euryalus took up the word, and thuswise
answered he :

“Laodamas, this hast thou spoken in goodly wise
and well ;

Then do thou thyself go hail him, and this matter
to him tell.”

They invite Odysseus.

But Alcinous' son, the valiant, when his answer
he had heard,

Came forth, and, standing amidmost, to Odys-
seus spoke the word :

"Come thou too, guest and father, and try thee
in the play,
If thereof ye be skilled in somewise, as it seemeth
like ye may;
For no fame may a man win better the while he
hath his life
Than from what his feet have accomplished, or
his hands amidst the strife.
Up then, and try thee in playing, and scatter the
griefs from thy soul,
For not long shalt thou lack thy homefare, since
even now did they roll
Thy ship adown to the water, and her folk are
bound for the main."

Odysseus respectfully declines.

But Odysseus of many a rede thus spake and
answered again:
"Laodamas, why do ye taunt me, and bid me
such a way?
Far more in my mind are my troubles than any
game and play,
Who have borne so many and many, and such
toil have laboured to earn,
And now am sitting amongst you craving but
my return;
And thereof your king am I praying, and all the
folk of your place."

Euryalus taunts him to action.

Him then Euryalus answered and chid him face
to face:

"Nay, I liken thee not, O Stranger, to a man
well skilled of his hands
In all the plays that are toward mid the men of
many lands,
But rather to one that haunteth the ship of many
an oar,
A captain over shipmen that are chapmen
furthermore ;
Of thy freight for ever mindful, an overlooker of
wares
And greedy gain: of no man-strife belike shall
be thy cares."

Odysseus replies in kind.

But the shifty Odysseus answered, grim-eyed
from knitted brow :
"O stranger, basely thou speakest ; as the fool of
men art thou ;
So the Gods from men are withholding, nor give
all grace to each ;
Neither inbred wit nor wisdom, nor skill of open
speech.
For indeed there is such among menfolk as a
feebler body hath had,
But God crowneth his speech with fairness, and
all they that behold him are glad ;
For with shamefast sweetness and surely he
speaketh among men ;
When the folk is gathered together he excelleth
verily then,
And men look on his ways through the city as
though a God he were.

But another is of his body the Deathless God-
head's peer,
Yet his words with the grace of sweetness are
nowise wreathed about.
Thus thou in beauty excellest, nor of other guise
no doubt
Would a very God be fashioned ; but thy mind
is an empty thing.
But the soul that is dear in my breast hast thou
set thee to stir up and sting,
And in manner unmeet thou speakest : for I am
not new to the play,
As thou sayest, but mid the foremost meseems
was I once on a day,
While yet in my hands I trusted and the might
of my youth unworn ;
Now of scathe and of grief am I holden, for a
many things have I borne,
Both the wars of men and the waves that were
grievously hard on the way.
But e'en as I am, with such burden of griefs,
will I try me the play,
For thy word to me is soul-biting, and thou
speakest to egg me on."

Odysseus beats the record.

Therewith, and yet clad in his mantle, he ran
forth and caught up the stone,
Right great and thick to handle, and by no little
greater than those
Wherewith the folk Phæacian contended in their
throws ;

And, whirling it round, he hurled it forthwith
with his mighty hand;
And away the stone went humming, and they
crouched low on the land,
The long-oar-wont Phæacians, the ship-renowned
men,
From the flight of the stone, and it flew o'er all
marks marked as then,
As light from his hand it speeded. But Athene
marked its fall;
Yea, she in the shape of a man, and therewith
she spake unto all:
"Yea, e'en a blind man, O Stranger, could discern
this cast where it went,
By groping about; since in nowise with the
crowd of casts is it blent,
But is far the first. For this play then, hold up
thine heart on high,
For no cast of Phæacian menfolk shall reach or
pass it by."

Odysseus has somewhat to say.

So she spake; but the goodly Odysseus, the
toil-stout, then was glad,
When he saw that a friend and a fellow amid
the lists he had;
And therewith he spake more lightly to those
Phæacian men:
"O youths, come up to that one! And yet the
next one then
I deem indeed that as far, or further yet, shall
it fly;

But whoso of all whom his heart or his spoul
now biddeth to try,
Let him hither with me to be playing, since my
wrath ye needs must stir.
In boxing or wrestling or foot-race; I begrudge
in no play that is here
With any man Phæacian, save Laodamas, to
contend;
For he is my very guest-friend, and who would
fight with a friend?
A fool were he of menfolk, and a worthless
wight were he,
Who on him that gave him harbour thrust the
strife of mastery,
Amidst an outland people his own well-being to
mar:
But of others none will I gainsay, or slight,
whoever they are;
But rather I fain would know them, and prove
them face to face,
For at all plays am I handy that are played
amid manfolk's race.

But further than others the arrow, and the
spearshaft can I cast;
Forsooth in the foot-race only I doubt I may be
o'erpassed
By Phæacians; for very sorely and unseemly
am I worn
By the wash of many billows: since nought in
our ship was borne
Unfailing store of victual, and my limbs are all
undone."

Alcinous makes amends.

So he spake, and they held their peace and
kept silence every one,
Save that Alcinous only spake out and answered
again :

" O guest, in good part we take it, thy speech
outspoken and plain,
For the valour with thee abiding to us would
thou prove and show,
Being wroth with him that arose and chid thee
awhile ago.

Whereas there is none of mortals who thy
valour would gainsay
If his heart had understanding how to speak
the righteous way."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

HE who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and
snow ;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath, the earth and ocean spread ;
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those
summits led.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

GOLFER'S BALLADE FOR AUTUMN.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. — HERRICK.

SEE how the pennoned maples burn !
The lindens flaunt their flames of gold !
Each sumach is a crimson urn ;
Each elm a palmer, russet-stoled ;
The wind breathes warnings down the wold,
The wild geese wing their southward way ;
Too soon will close the cruel cold,
So go ye golfing while ye may !

To silvery notes the rills return, —
To vernal lyrics blithely trolled ;
The last late-lingering warblers yearn
For spring in songs of mellow mould ;
Now earlier unto the fold
The wandering flocks, unsummoned, stray ;
Too soon will close the cruel cold,
So go ye golfing while ye may !

Anon will dawn a morning stern,
With brooding cloud-banks ridged and rolled ;
Anon a ruthless hand will spurn
The woodland arras, brightly scrolled ;
Anon the year, grown bent and old,
Will shamble by in garments grey ;
Too soon will close the cruel cold,
So go ye golfing while ye may !

Good golfers, as a tale that's told
This life will be, ere many a day;
Too soon will close the cruel cold,
So go ye golfing while ye may!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

GOLDEN RULES FOR THE YOUNG.

IN batting, hold your bat upright,
Play every ball with all your might.

In bowling, never exceed your strength,
Keep straight, but vary pace and length.

In fielding, put two hands to the ball;
A butter-fingers is worst of all.

ANONYMOUS.

MY LADY OF THE LINKS.

LIKE Dian, her trim ankles seen,
And small feet treading lightly,
She drives the ball from green to green,
And grasps her loftier tightly.
Like Venus, her sweet lips and eyes
Above her wind-tossed plaidie,
She plays — my fortune for her prize,
Dan Cupid for her caddie.

ANONYMOUS.

IO TRIUMPHE!

A BALLAD OF THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH
OF 1890.

OH, woe is me for Oxford; her gallants issued
forth;
From east and west her friends poured out, from
south they came, and north;
Their faces gleamed with triumph, their button-
holes were gay
With many a dark blue ribbon and many a vio-
let spray;
And oh! their speech was lightsome, as on their
way they sped.
"Will our men beat the Cambridge lot? They'll
do it on their head.
Remember last term how they bragged, yet
when they came to town,
Like corn before the reaping hook their Rugby
men went down.
Though Cotterill, their Colossus, be broad, and
strong, and tall,
He shall not overstride our Rhodes, he shall not
daunt our Hall;
Veitch may be fast, and Hossack neat, and
Gosling be of use,
Yet, thanks to Heaven, we still possess a Currey
for that goose;
Though Stanbrough speed across the field as
speeds the flying scud,

Their Henfrey can not play to-day, he only
plays in mud;
Nay, how shall Bolus kick away, or shine in
fisting out,
When Brooks and Disbrowe fail, and Wells
with Paull is put to rout?
With Wilson as our whirling sword, with Wil-
kinson for shield,
O friends, the fight is ours to-day; so onward
to the field."

Thus spake the blithe Oxonians, and on and
ever on
The dark blue wave came surging to far West
Kensington;
And through the open gateways by thousands
flocked they in,
To watch the fierce contending teams, to see
their brothers win.

Yet Cambridge, too, had sent her sons, dear
Cambridge of the fogs,
Dear Cambridge of the crawling Cam with
drainage choked and dogs;
Cambridge, whose Senior Wranglers all are
bearded like a pard,
Where men eat sausages, and buy their butter
by the yard.
She, too, had sent her band of sons to London
town to see
How nobly Cotterrill led his ten to goals and
victory.

It is the hour ; the teams come forth amidst a
solemn hush ;
Thousands stand waiting for the start, the conflict,
and the rush.
Cotterill has won the toss ; he kicks ; now, Gosling,
follow fast ;
Now Veitch and Stanbrough run with him —
well middled, nobly passed !
See ! tearing Currey has the ball ; you, Disbrowe,
mark that man,
He must not reach our goal to-day, so stop him
if you can.
And oh ! ye two from Jesus, what though ye be
not cooks,
Feed all your forwards, feed them well, neat
Hossack, agile Brooks.
The task is hard, yet ply your legs, and if you
fail to feed,
Still watch the Dark Blue forwards, still check
their fiery speed.
Thus fiercely raged the battle. Brave Bolus
kept the goal,
Brave Bolus of the piercing eye, that tall and
dauntless soul.
The Oxford shots are straight and true, but
Bolus stops them all —
Sure there is magic in his hands, or witchcraft
in the ball.
He fists them here, he fists them there, and
some he kicks away,
Ye can not break that stout defence, nor beat
him down to-day.

Not firmer stands, amid the surf, the spray-
besprinkled rock,
Than stands that iron' Jesus man against the
Oxford shock,
And though with ceaseless ardour still they
charge and pant and toil,
Like waves that dash upon a cliff these Oxford
men recoil,
And all the watching thousands shout in one
prolonged acclaim
How nobly Bolus foiled them all, how well he
saved the game.

Now run your fastest, Wilson, the time runs
quickly too;
Much have you done and bravely charged, but
much remains to do.
Now, Currey, try your rush again; now, Farrant,
urge the ball; -
Wells meets you and defeats you still, you can
not conquer Paull.
Some twenty minutes still are yours, charge,
charge, and charge again,
How shall such courage come to nought, such
gallantry be vain?
Brave Bolus may not always stop, so, while
your strength endures,
In one fierce, furious rush combine, and oh, the
game is yours!

So said, so done; the rush is made, our men
seem strangely slow —
Apollo doth not always bend, god though he be,
his bow —

A kick, a shout, a miss ? no, no, the shot speeds
 swift and true,
And Oxford yells in triumph, for Rhodes has
 kicked it through.

Yet did not our men falter, the thought came to
 their mind,
How Cambridge once were last at Barnes, two
 lengths, I trow, behind ;
How gallant Pitman roused his crew, caught
 Oxford on the nap,
And with a hero's effort closed at last that fear-
 ful gap.
And how, though Oxford spurred too, in one
 terrific burst
He left his foemen standing still, and passed
 the post the first.
What Pitman did upon the Thames, shall Cot-
 terrill do on land.
A quarter of an hour remains, quick, comrades,
 take your stand !

And now the cheers swell louder, see, see they
 join the fight,
Now Gosling speeds with Cotterrill in a rush
 upon the right.
Veitch has it now, the brawny-backed whose
 hair is black as coal,
On, on, like lightning, see he kicks — whoo-oo !
 he 's kicked a goal !

Now is their spirit broken, six minutes still
remain,
Now Cotterrill like a storm bursts forth, and
Cambridge scores again.
Next Stanbrough kicks another goal, and so
with three to one,
While shouts of "Cambridge!" rend the sky,
the hard-fought game is done.

Now cheer we all for Cotterrill, who led his
gallant ten,
And cheer for each and all of them, those
sturdy Cambridge men.
And oh, thou kindly mother, dear Cambridge,
be thou proud
Of those who sped the flying ball, and "passed"
in any crowd.
Grey time must steal them from thy arms, yet
though the years may roll,
They still shall live in story, these guardians of
the goal.
So when the Oxford shouts grow loud, when
goals come thick and fast,
When Cambridge forwards falter, when Cam-
bridge backs are passed,
Or when at Barnes our oarsmen fail in feather
and in grip,
And Oxford, leading through the Bridge, spurts
onward to the Ship,
Then, when the clouds are blackest, and craven
hearts would yield,
Remember Pitman on the flood, and Cotterrill
on the field!

R. C. LEHMANN.

DIANAS OF TO-DAY.

(TO THE WOMEN GOLFERS OF AMERICA.)

DIANA, goddess of the chase,
Superb in stature, girt with grace,
Was prototype, 't is truth to say,
Of women golfers of to-day;
For supple-limbed and strong was she,
And clear of eye, and fair to see.

.....
Could she, Apollo's twin, who roamed
The rugged rocky shores where combed
The surf around fair Delos' isle,
Or climbed the Cynthian slopes the while,
And chased the stag with shaft and bow, —
With ruddy health and strength aglow, —

Could she come back to earth, I say,
And view the links some sunny day
When women golfers charm the scene
And grace the trim and velvet green,
Her feathered shafts she 'd fling away,
And take to polished clubs, and play.

Let Muses live in classic verse;
Let bards the beauty bright rehearse
Of Goddesses, and Graces three,
Who ornament mythology, —
But better than them all, I say,
The lady golfers of to-day.

FRANCIS BOWLER KEENE.

BALLAD OF THE PIGSKIN.

(TO A. A. STAGG.)

WHEN the crowd has cheered the hostile teams
and the band has played its best,
And roaring rooters warmed the lungs within
the coldest breast;
When hat and cane and flag and feet have
marked each rolling shout,
And the coin has told its little tale and the
whistle sounded out —
Then the untried, slippery pigskin lies at rest
upon the ground,
And silence wraps the people with expectancy
profound.

*Oh, the kick-off and the tackle and the sudden-
footed punt,
And the stillness of the players on a down;
And the plunging and the lunging in the
swaying battle's brunt,
And the megaphonic cries of town and gown!*

Now the ball comes floating downward toward
the fullback's opening arms,
And he hugs it for a zigzag shoot through a
host of threatening harms;
But the clutches of the tackle snap him hard
upon the earth,
And the fumbled ball goes bobbing like a thing
of mock and mirth;

Till the centre-rush bends motionless above the
resting sphere,
And the fronting lines stand statuesque in
hidden hope and fear.

Then the mighty mingled scrimmage works
its arms and legs and feet,
Heaping heads and twisted bodies in a chaos
most complete;
But five yards is a journey for a head that is n't
stone,
And harder than a wooden wall is a wall of
human bone;
So the bleachers lift their megaphones to
breathe a bracing cheer,
And the rooters' "Hold 'em! Hold 'em!"
smites the player's anxious ear.

Then from out the mass of strugglers, like
a comet from its course,
Shoots a runner on a tangent, with a catapultic
force;
And the field spreads fair before him as the
path to Paradise,
And his soul leaps up to win it at the dearest
sacrifice;
For he hears the yelling people and a mighty
stride behind,
And he hopes to live for ever in the football
heart enshrined.

But his striding hot pursuer on the five-yard
jerks him down,
And his hope burns low within him as he
clutches for renown;
Yet he twists and squirms and struggles 'mid
the trumpets' blare and blast,
And the touchdown with his nerveless hands he
reaches at the last;
And his head whirls like a pin-wheel and his
eyes, bewildered, close,
As the chorus of the people lifts his name
above his foes.

*Oh, the touchdown and the goal-kick and the
sudden-footed punt,
And the stillness of the players on a down;
And the plunging and the lunging in the
swaying battle's brunt,
And the megaphonic cries of town and gown!*

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

TO A BASEBALL.

You 're going into play? An instant more
And yours the eyes of thousands. There's
for you
Huge plaudits welcoming the needed score,
Deep disapprovals at misplays they view,
And, best of all, the eager silence there
When, swift from bat or hand, you hang in air.

ANONYMOUS.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

WHAT golden ways,
Those college days,
We rode and rode together !
Leaving behind
The weary grind,
We wheeled away with lightsome mind
From cap and gown,
From student frown,
Into the autumn weather.

Glowing with sense
Of life intense,
And zest of life wild-hearted,
Above we knew
The sky was blue,
So on we flew, and on we flew,
The while the air,
A champagne rare,
Our sleeping pulses started.

On, spinning faster,
We saw the aster
Its frosted purples fling
By wayside wall,
And, over all,
The woodbine weave its scarlet shawl ;
And, dimmed its gold
At touch of cold,
The golden-rod upspring.

On hilltop higher,
A fringe of fire,
The sumacs took the breeze ;
And oh, we sighed,
What bliss to ride
For ever this October-tide,
Finding anew
The golden, true
Fabled Hesperides.

Then, musing, slow
We used to go
When distant far from town ;
And on the wold
Leaves manifold
Fell, carpeting our way with gold.
How loath they fell
I mind me well,
How sadly circled down !

Or, book in hand,
Through that sweet land
We read the Lotos Eaters,
On every line
October's shine
Shedding a witchery divine ;
While wafts unsought
Came, memory-brought,
Of soft Sicilian metres.

Cathedral shades
The woodland glades
Drew down upon our roaming,

As, homeward turned,
The ground we spurned,
While one white star above us burned ;
And mystic-sober
Became October
Grey in the quiet gloaming.

Such golden ways,
Those college days,
We rode in sun and breeze ;
We left behind
The weary grind,
And wheeled away with lightsome mind,
Finding anew
The golden, true
Fabled Hesperides !

ANONYMOUS.

YE LEGEND OF SIR YRONCLADDE.

Now, whenne ye goode knyghte Yroncladde
Hadde dwelte in Paradyse
A matter of a thousand yeares,
He syghed some grievous syghes,
And went unto the entrance gate
To speake hym in thys wyse :

“ Beholde, I do not wyssh to make
A rackette, nor a fuss,
And yet I fayne wolde hie awaye
And cease from livyng thus ;
For it is moste too peaceful here,
And sore monotonous.”

"Oh, verie welle," ye keeper sayde,
"You shall have your desyre :
Go downe uponne ye earth agayne
To see whatte you admyre —
But take goode heede that you shall keepe
Your trolley on ye wyre."

Ryghte gladde was goode Sir Yroncladde
To see ye gates unsealed.
He toke a jumpe strayghte through ye cloudes
To what was there revealed,
And strayghtwaye lit uponne ye grounde
Whych was a footeball field !

"Gadzookes !" he sayde ; "now, here is sporte !
Thys is a goodlie syghte.
For joustynges soche as here abound
I have an appetyte ;
So I will amble to ye scrappe,
For that is my delyghte."

He strode into ye hurtlynge mass,
Whence rose a thrillynge sounde
Of class yelles, sygnalles, breakyng bones,
And moanynges all arounde ;
And thenne ye footeballe menne tooke hym
And pushed hym in ye grounde !

They brake hys breastplayte into bits,
And shattered all hys greaves ;
They fractured bothe hys myghtie armes
Withynne hys chaynmayle sleeves,
And wounde hys massyve legges ynto
Some orientalle weaves.

Uppe rose ye brave Sir Yroncladde
And groaned, "I hadde no wrong !
I'll hustle back to Paradyse,
And ryng ye entraunce gong ;
For thys new croppe of earthlie knyghtes
At joustynge is too strong ;
And henceforth thys is my resolve :
To staye where I belong !"

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

THE CONQUERED.

WE who so eager started on life's race,
And breathless ran, nor stinted any whit
For aching muscles, or the parching grit
Of dust upon the lips ; who set the face
Only more desperately toward the place
Where the goal's altar smoked, if runners knit
With stronger limbs outran us ; we who sit
Beaten at last ; — for us what gift or grace ?

Though we have been outstripped, yet known
have we
The joy of contest ; we have felt hot life
Throb in our veins, a tingling ecstasy.

The prize is not the wreath with envy rife,
But to have been all our souls might be.
Our guerdon is the passion of that strife !

ARLO BATES.

IN GUERNSEY.

(TO THEODORE WATTS.)

I.

My mother sea, my fortress, what new strand,
What new delight of waters, may this be,
The fairest found since time's first breezes
fanned

My mother sea?

Once more I give me body and soul to thee,
Who hast my soul for ever: cliff and sand
Recede, and heart to heart once more are we.

My heart springs first and plunges, ere my hand
Strike out from shore: more close it brings to
me,

More near and dear than seems my fatherland,
My mother sea.

II.

Across and along, as the bay's breadth opens,
and o'er us
Wild autumn exults in the wind, swift rapture
and strong
Impels us, and broader the wide waves brighten
before us

Across and along.

The whole world's heart is uplifted, and knows
not wrong;
The whole world's life is a chant to the sea-
tide's chorus;
Are we not as waves of the water, as notes of
the song?

Like children unworn of the passions and toils
that wore us,
We breast for a season the breadth of the seas
that throng,
Rejoicing as they, to be borne as of old they
bore us
Across and along.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

A SWIMMER'S DREAM.

Somno mollior unda.

(November 4, 1889.)

I.

DAWN is dim on the dark soft water,
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.
Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,
Fair and flawless from face to feet,
Hailed of all when the world was golden,
Loved of lovers whose names beholden
Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang : but for men that love her,
Souls that hear not her word in vain,
Earth beside her and heaven above her
Seem but shadows that wax and wane.
Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses
Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish
Swell beneath me and laughs and sighs,
Sighs for love of the life they cherish,
Laughs to know that it lives and dies,
Dies for joy of its life, and lives
Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives —
Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives
Change that bids it subside and rise.

II.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing,
Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight,
Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering
Heaped on high to the sundawn's gate.
Dawn and even and noon are one,
Veiled with vapour and void of sun;
Nought in sight or in fancied hearing
Now less mighty than time or fate.

The grey sky gleams and the grey seas glimmer,
Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,
As a dream's where darkness and light seem
dimmer,
Touched by dawn or subdued by night.

The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,
Swings the rollers to westward, clad
With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,
Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,
Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,
Fill the world of the skies whereunder
Heaves and quivers and pants aloud
All the world of the waters, hoary
Now, but clothed with its own live glory,
That makes the lightning and mocks the thunder
With light more living and word more proud.

III.

A dream, a dream is it all — the season,
The sky, the water, the wind, the shore ?
A day-born dream of divine unreason,
A marvel moulded of sleep — no more ?
For the cloudlike wave that my limbs while
cleaving
Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving
Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving
Sense of nought that was known of yore.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
A peace more happy than lives on land,
Fulfil with pulse of diviner pleasure
The dreaming head and the steering hand.
I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would capture
Falls as from heaven that its light feet clomb,
So brief, so soft, and so full the rapture
Was felt that soothed me with sense of home.
To sleep, to swim, and to dream, for ever —
Such joy the vision of man saw never;
For here too soon will a dark day sever
The sea-bird's wing from the sea-wave's foam.

A dream, and more than a dream, and dimmer
At once and brighter than dreams that flee,
The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer
Abides, remembered as truth may be.
Not all the joy and not all the glory
Must fade as leaves when the woods wax hoary;
For there the downs and the sea-banks glimmer,
And here to south of them swells the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

1889.

A WELCOME.

ONCE again (I must attempt it, though my pen
the topic shuns)
Cambridge waking from her slumber welcomes
As before her sons:
As before I have to hymn them, having hymned
them many times,
Having tried each different metre and exhausted
all my rhymes;
Having wooed the weary Muses and attempted
to entice

Each poetic trope to serve me when I wished
to give advice :
Now, again, when chill October sheds her
colours on the leaves,
When the farmer counts his losses, having
stacked or sold his sheaves,
Counts them well and duly grumbles over all
his wasted crops,
How the price of food increases while the price
of produce drops,
Now with undiminished ardour must I dip my
pen again,
And indite a joyous greeting to our latest batch
of men.

.
Giddy actors, gallant oarsmen who disturbed
the sedgy Cam,
Men of blade-work, not of book-work, though
they scorned not their exam. :
Handsome Roger, doughty Trevor, who with
undefeated pluck
Strove at each successive Putney, vainly strove
against the luck.
Broad and beefy College oarsmen with their
bumpers and their bumps,
Batsmen too and tricky bowlers who preferred
the ground in lumps.
Many a slim and lively runner, many a Titan
who pursued
Runs in summer, goals in winter, football-cricket-
double-blued.

Friends henceforth and fellow-soldiers, comrades
in the fights we wage,
New-found sons of ancient Cambridge, men in
everything but age,
Oh, be welcome! oh, be welcome! here are
prizes to be won,
Great traditions to be cherished, deeds of
honour to be done. . . .

R. C. LEHMANN.

FROM "THE ROAD WE CAME."

Read at the Reunion of the Class of 1877, Yale, in 1902.

How fast the deeds of old now reappear!
Again we strive upon the eager field,
And know the old heart-sickness when we
yield,
The wild, uplifting, glad joy when we hear
The victory's crowning cheer.
Once more the parched throat and the heaving
breast,
The maddening, gladdening struggle for the
goal,
The mental sinking that comes with our rest,
After the bloom is gone, assail the soul.
Oh, short the road into the purple past
Where we were crowned with youth! Would
that our youth might last!

L. FRANK TOOKER.

A BALLADE OF THE GAME.

TIER upon tier, through the stands are strewn
Faces fervid and faces fair,
Banners aloft in the breezes blown,
Waving ribbons, and wayward hair.
Flushes the west with a crimson flare,
Glimmers the east like a summer sky ;
Thunder of throngs in the frosty air :
Yale, old Yale, and a victory !

Joy of battle and brawn of stone, —
Pride of pain in the deed they dare, —
Yard by yard they are struggling on,
Backward the Crimson they bend and bear ;
Met with the strain of a strong despair,
Into the strife again, do or die ;
Till the shouts to tatters the stillness tear :
Yale, old Yale, and a victory !

Two long years o'er our flag have flown, —
Years of darkness and dismal care ;
Now the time of our time is known,
One short day shall our fate declare.
Each in our sorrow has borne a share,
Each has a share in the glad, loud cry
Shaking the skies with a trumpet-blare :
Yale, old Yale, and a victory !

Queen of Violets, reigning there,
Spirit of strength in a violet eye,
Lend us the power of thy whispered prayer :
"Yale, old Yale, and a victory !"

ANONYMOUS.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Read at the Harvard Club Dinner, New York, 1900.

I WENT down East to a football match ; great
game ; I 'll go again.
There played a chap they called McBride, who
had the strength of ten,
And divers more, whose names I miss, but
they seemed to be all good men.

Thirty men or thereabouts competed there that
day.
Thirty thousand anxious souls observed their
urgent play.
All Harvard went prepared to yell ; all Harvard
stayed to pray.

Bless me, how those lusty youths toiled round
that leather sphere,
Lined up, rushed, tackled, bucked, and strove
with ardour most severe,
While earnest lads in moving tones besought
the crowd to cheer !

Governors, senators, ministers, judges, presi-
dents of banks,
College presidents, mothers of families, matrons
and maids, on ranks
Of benches steeple-high, sat round and watched
those football cranks.

I sat next to a mossy fossil, forty years old,
named Jim.

Neither one of us knew the game, but we went
with purpose grim —

Yet humble, too — to see the show and learn —
if it took a limb.

"They say it's dangerous!" said I; but he
said, "I don't care;

We'll get back seats. I understand there'll be
policemen there."

So there we sat and viewed the whole preposter-
ous affair.

It turned out safe enough for us, and as for those
young chaps

Who played, they all made nothing of astonish-
ing mishaps,

Enduring superhuman-seeming strains without
collapse.

They'd kill a player frequently, and on his
corpse would pile

A score of them, and then pile off, and he'd get
up and smile,

And kick the ball; the blessed crowd all holler-
ing meanwhile.

A player'd get the ball and run; another, just
as fleet,

Would grab him passing, ankle-high, and throw
him forty feet.

He'd land upon his head, but still continue to
compete.

"Sure that one's dead!" I'd cry; and Jim:
"What odds! there's plenty more.
What stubborn brutes those Yale men are!
Why can't our chappies score?"
"*Hi! Daly's got the ball! Now go! Down?*
Bless me! What a bore!"

Our beings to their cores were stirred that day
by those young men,
Egregious heroes doing stunts far too sublime
for pen.
Down to Yale's one-yard line they fought;
Yale fought them back again.

"And all that work and no one's game!"
sighed I as we turned away.
"They jolly well got their exercise, you bet,"
said Jim, "this day.
In the strenuous life 't is n't wins that count, so
much as how hard you play.

"Don't bother about what's gained, or whether
you wollop the proper man.
In the strenuous life, to do hard things in the
hardest way is the plan,
And to keep the biggest possible crowd as crazy
as ever you can."

"Poor liver-saddened old croak," said I, "whose
thews have lost their power;
Whose muscles are soft and his spunk collapsed,
and his spirit subdued and sour,
Grand is strife of the strenuous life, and the
world's best hope in this hour!"

"Granny!" said he, "those were fine young
lads, and vigorous through and through.
They put commendable snap, I own, in the singular things they do.
Still, granting a sport is a right good sort, need
we make it religion, too?"

"Must we add to the cross we've had so long
another upright pole,
And shove the bar along a bit, till it's what they
call a goal,
And say you must drive between the posts as
you hope to save your soul?"

"There's more to life than hustling, man,
though hustling has its place,
There's virtue in contentment still; tranquillity's a grace;
According to his legs and lungs, must each man
set his pace."

I've thought about it often since, and doubtless
shall again.
The strenuous life's a tip-top thing, I guess, for
strenuous men
Whose necks are short, and whose heads are
hard, and who have the strength of ten.
They're skittish creatures anyhow; unless they
have due vent
We'll have them putting up on us with, maybe,
good intent,
Hair-raising jobs, to which we could not possibly
assent.

To get them in between the shafts and let their
shoulders feel

The public load, 's a scheme that well to pru-
dence may appeal.

While we, the timid, stand by to clamp on brakes
and shoe the wheel.

Our strenuous friends who can't be cured, let
them be strenuous still.

If they'll be strenuous to our taste, we'll cheer
them to their fill,

And plank our dollars duly down to pay their
long, long bill.

But as for us, the meek and mild, our racket's
to adhere

To docile virtue's modest path, nor let ambition
queer

Our sense, nor ever lure us off a strenuous
course to steer.

To pose as strenuous half a day, and spend a
week in bed

Would never do; we'd lose our jobs; our babes
would wail unfed.

Better to save our puny strength to earn our
daily bread.

About one strenuous man to every thousand
folks is right:

Five hundred lean and vigilant to keep him aye
in sight;

Five hundred fat to sit on him hard when he
happens to want to fight.

EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN.

FOOTBALL.

WITH heaving chest and wildly tossing hair,
The ball hugged tightly, down the field he
goes;
The skilful blockers check opposing foes —
Another touchdown — cheering shakes the
air.

For college honour strive the athletes there,
And by that spirit urged, care not for blows;
Each man with eagerness his prowess shows
That he in hard-won victory may share.

Chivalric days mayhap have passed away,
And sound of clashing steel in knightly strife;
More peaceful times are now our happier lot.

Yet may such contests never lose their sway,
Where brain and muscle equally are rife,
And manly virtues to perfection brought!

ARTHUR AMSDEN MACURDA.

TO A FOOTBALL.

O CUBIC foot of healthful sport!
A judgment cool, a courage high,
And brawn — the old Olympic sort —
Control thy zigzag through the sky.

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

THE OARSMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS OAR.

FAREWELL, dear companion of labour and
pastime,

My hands shall encircle your handle no more.
This day on the Thames we were joined for
the last time;

Our last racing stroke has been rowed, O
my oar.

And thus of the story that bound us together,
That made you my servant and kept you my
friend

'Mid the chances and changes of temper and
weather,

The last word is spoken, and now comes the
end.

Many oars have I had — lo! these cups are
a token —

Since first a raw Freshman I splashed in
a crew;

Their shafts may be warped and their blades
may be broken,

But their staunchness lived on to be centred
in you.

Lo! all these old oars that I lost with or won
with

Return to remind me of failure or fame.

The traditions are yours of those blades I have
done with;

The wood may have changed, but the soul is
the same.

Great days of rejoicing and strength and
endeavour,
When the blood galloped swift, and the
muscles were taut,
So brightly they shone, that are vanished for
ever,
My heart from their radiance a glamour has
caught.
And still, though the grey in my hair be
increasing,
Though the joints may be stiffened, the
sinews unstrung,
The brightness is round me, and still without
ceasing
I think and remember and dream and am
young.

One day I recall when we hardly were ready,
The starter—who was he? odd rot him!—
said “Go!”
And we splashed and we rolled all to bits
and unsteady,
While some of us went and the rest shouted
“No!”
But the cox in alarm cried, “You must make
her go, men;
Now, now let her have it!” and though we
felt dead,
With a burst and a rush we just collared our
foemen,
And held them and passed them and finished
ahead.

And once in a Four — but I would n't have
missed it,
That day when disaster diminished our
pace —
We perceived in despair that our steerage was
twisted,
But we scorned to give up, and continued the
race.
And our bow and our two made alternate
concession ;
One worked while the other he held him-
self in ;
Their skill got the better of fortune's op-
pression ;
They kept the boat straight, and we managed
to win.

The toils of long training how well I remem-
ber —
The boat was like lead and our limbs were as
wax ;
In the east winds of March, in the fogs of
November,
When to row seemed a torture with stretchers
for racks.
Yet all those old aches are a part of our
glory,
These toils are a treasure by distance made
plain ;
Recalled and renewed they give point to our
story
Of trials endured, and endured not in vain.

And all the old friends that I chaffed with
or chaffed at,
Staunch oarsmen and gallant in sunshine or
cloud;
Our Dick, our strong six, who looked daggers
when laughed at,
Our Tom, who smiled sweeter as laughter
grew loud,
And Jack, who took life as if life never mattered,
And Mac, of our crew the keen captain and
star —
Long since by our fates we were hopelessly
scattered,
But still they seem near me, though severed
so far.

And I, of their band the last racing survivor,
I have rowed my last race, and I step from
the ranks.
When a light ship is launched and they swing
her and drive her,
Henceforth I shall watch how it's done from
the banks.
Never more, O my oar, shall we grip the
beginning,
Never more shall our finish ring clear as
a bell;
We have done with our losing and done with
our winning —
Farewell, true companion and partner,
farewell!

R. C. LEHMANN.

SO CRUEL PRISON HOW COULD BETIDE.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas !

As proud Windsor ? where I, in lust and joy,
With a King's son, my childish years did pass
In greater feasts than Priam's sons of Troy !

Where each sweet place returns a taste full
sour.

The large green courts, where we were wont
to hove,
With eyes cast up into the Maidens' Tower ;
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue !
Where each of us did plead the others' right.

The Palm Play where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our
Dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the Leads above.

The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly
hearts,
With cheer, as though one should another
whelm :
Where we have fought, and chasèd oft with
darts,

With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength;
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of
youth,

Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, 1657.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER.

If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head
bare,

The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side;
Aware of him, of all else unaware:

If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;
Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls — you fall:

My sketch would have what Art can never
give —

Sinew and breath and body; it would live.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

COMPENSATION.

For when the breeze in merry Maytime blows
And, merrier maid beside, our hero goes

Forth to his tennis, is not payment given
For football dangers and November snows?

ANONYMOUS.

THE GLORY OF THE GAME.

*A song to the Football Players,
A song to the Men of Might;
To the winner or loser I sing it—
Of the battle each must fight!*

'T is the battle of brain and muscle, the contest
of strength and skill,
The impact of brawn and bulldog, the guidance
of iron will,
The rush and the counter-movement, the quick-
ness of mind and eye,
The crash in the centre scrimmage that causes
the blood to fly
Through the veins of the many watchers, as the
battle is gained or lost;
'T is the winning the thing they strive for,
whatever may be the cost—

'T is the shout of the gazing thousands, the
ringing of mighty cheers,
As the roars of the sides commingle, to sound
like the sea in your ears;
While the floating colours of this crowd wave
greeting in sweeping fold,
To be answered in kind by the other, whose
hues make its partisans bold;
'T is the screech and the blare of the trumpets,
as they add to the hideous din,
And the cries of the rival factions as they
volley: "We win! We win!"

'T is the dash of the long-haired player, as he
rushes a-down the field ;
The snap of the interference, the forces that
make him yield ;
The down, and the wedge, and the end-play, the
puzzles that all must know ;
And the varying tide of contest, as the victories
come and go ;
'T is the score standing even to even, and the
weight of the solid whole,
The grasp of the final touch-down, the kick of
the winning goal —

*Then, winner or loser, here's to him !
For, winner or loser, who cares ?
Here's hurrah for the Football Player,
And the honours and glories he bears !*

WILLIAM HAMILTON CLINE.

TO ARISTOCLIDES.

(From Pindar's Third Nemean Ode.)

Boys among boys by various feats surpass ;
Youth copes with youth ; maturer age
Its own appropriate arts engage.
Such are the stages of our mortal race ;
A fourth still follows — life's declining day ;
This too its powers, its blessings yields,
Whereof no stint hath he, and gilds
Calm virtue's close with wisdom's ray.

ABRAHAM MOORE.

THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

(November 22, 1890.)

OF Harvard and her team
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When in struggles fierce the cream
Of her athletes bore the crown
Of triumph from the champions of the Blue;
When the Crimson in its might
Bore up the brunt of fight
Till the falling shades of night
Hid the view.

Like leviathans ashore
Stood our rushers in the line;
While died out the hum and roar,
When Irvine gave the sign;
'T was two-thirty post meridian by the chime;
As Yale gathered in our path
There was silence deep as death;
Even Cumnock held his breath
For a time.

But the brawn of Harvard flushed
For a transformation scene;
And her "V" the fleetest rushed
O'er the dozen yards between;
"Through them, boys!" our captain cried,
when each man
With his mighty muscles strung

On his Yale opponent sprung,
And, on forging, Lake was flung
In the van.

Ten yards' gain again we hail,
And the rushes do not slack;
'T is a feeble cheer that Yale
To our cheering sends us back —
Their shouts across the field slowly come;
And when Lee at last ran out
Round the right end, what a shout!
While Yale followed in a rout,
Dazed and dumb.

Now joy, Fair Harvard, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the roaring bonfires' blaze,
While the cheers ring out to-night
For Cumnock, Corbet, Lake, and Trafford's
kicks,
For Newell, Cranston, Dean,
For the finest game we 've seen,
For the score so fair and clean,
Twelve to six.

FRANKLIN BALDWIN WILEY.

AFTER THE GAME.

Do not insult calamity :
It is a barbarous grossness, to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

BALLADE OF THE GOLFER IN WINTER.

He sits by the glow of the fire
And gazes with far-away eye;
Oh, what is his dearest desire?
His thoughts, to what bourne do they fly?
Is it love that has caused him to sigh?
Nay, love is not one of his goals!
But a day with no cloud in the sky,
And a match of — well, thirty-six holes!

The ways may be swimming with mire,
Or snows a white wilderness lie;
The wandering winds on the lyre
Of the night may be strumming anigh;
Though harsh be their music and high,
This vision his fancy controls, —
A day with no cloud in the sky,
And a match of — well, thirty-six holes!

No whit of his dreams does he tire,
As minute by minute slips by;
Aye, even though midnight expire,
And bells peal in silver reply,
While low the flames falter to die
He sees in the core of the coals
A day with no cloud in the sky,
And a match of — well, thirty-six holes!

Saint Andrew, in winter I cry, —
Cry also all sensible souls, —
For a day with no cloud in the sky,
And a match of — well, thirty-six holes!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

TO THE MEN WHO HOLD THE LINE.

A FOOTBALL TOAST.

OH, the full-back bows to the cheering crowd,
And the halves, and the quarter, too,
And the praise ascends to the plucky ends
Who fight for the red or blue;
To none so great do I dedicate
This poor little verse of mine —
But here's to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who hold the line!

You watch the game and you'll all exclaim:
"Just look at that fellow run!"
And you'll shout and roar when the struggle's
o'er
That the game was only won
By the full-back's pluck in that splendid buck
That carried him to the goal;
But you don't see fit to think a bit
Of the man who made the hole.

Yes, the full-back has his meed of thanks,
And the quarter "did it all,"
And the halves are praised, and a voice is raised
For the ends who took the ball;
Now take your cup and fill it up
To the brim with the dancing wine;
A toast to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who hold the line!

W. F. BARRON.

THE LAMENT OF THE UNATHLETIC
MAIDEN.

I 'm born a century late,
And I 'm utterly out of my sphere ;
My ideas are all out of date,
And so are my talents, I fear.

I used to play tennis, and row,
And take a mild walk with a friend ;
But now all my pleasures must go,
All my simple delights have an end.

'T is only the crews that may row,
And I, — I belong to no crew ;
My methods in tennis are slow,
And not scientific, nor new.

But walking, — it surely remains ?
No, there 's the pedestrian band,
That wanders all over the plains,
And climbs every hill in the land.

And what 's a poor maiden to do
Who 's not athletic at all,
Who 's no time to row on a crew,
Or learn scientific baseball ?

ISABELLA CAMPBELL.

THE DANGERS OF FOOTBALL.

(From "Trivia.")

WHERE Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square;
Here of my course I bend, when, lo! from far,
I spy the furies of the football war:
The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

JOHN GAY.

IN ELIZABETH'S DAY.

WHO would not give the treasure
Of very many lives
If some kind fate would pleasure
To let him be where Ben is
A-playing Kit at tennis,
Or playing Will at fives?

The racquet ne'er so deftly
Is turned, whoever strives,
The ball flies ne'er so swiftly
As thought and tongue where Ben is
A-playing Kit at tennis,
Or playing Will at fives.

WALLACE RICE.

SKATING.

(From "The Prelude.")

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight
gloom,
I heeded not their summons : happy time
It was indeed for all of us — for me
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six, — I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with
steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle ; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star

That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SKATER.

MY glad feet shod with the glittering steel
I was the god of the winged heel.

The hills in the far white sky were lost ;
The world lay still in the wide white frost ;

And the woods hung hushed in their long white
dream
By the ghostly, glimmering, ice-blue stream.

Here was a pathway, smooth like glass,
Where I and the wandering wind might pass

To the far-off palaces, drifted deep,
Where Winter's retinue rests in sleep.

I followed the lure, I fled like a bird,
Till the startled hollows awoke and heard

A spinning whisper, a sibilant twang,
As the stroke of the steel on the tense ice rang ;

And the wandering wind was left behind
As faster, faster I followed my mind ;

Till the blood sang high in my eager brain,
And the joy of my flight was almost pain.

Then I stayed the rush of my eager speed
And silently went as a drifting seed, —

Slowly, furtively, till my eyes
Grew big with the awe of a dim surmise,

And the hair of my neck began to creep
At hearing the wilderness talk in sleep.

Shapes in the fir-gloom drifted near.
In the deep of my heart I heard my fear ;

And I turned and fled, like a soul pursued,
From the white, inviolate solitude.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE JOLLY CURLERS.

OF a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest far aboon them a'
Was ay the witching channel-stane.

*O for the channel-stane,
The fell-gude game, the channel-stane !
There's ne'er a game that e'er I saw
Can match auld Scotland's channel-
stane.*

I've been at bridals unco glad,
Wi' courtin' lasses wondrous fain :
But what is a' the fun I've had,
Compare it wi' the channel-stane ?

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
Never to come back again,
I'd sweep the moon and starlets by,
And play them at the channel-stane.

We'd boom across the Milky Way ;
One tee should be the Northern Wain ;
Another, bright Orion's ray ;
A comet for the channel-stane.

*O for the channel-stane,
The fell-gude game, the channel-stane !
There's ne'er a game that e'er I saw
Can match auld Scotland's channel-
stane.*

JAMES HOGG.

WINTER ABROAD.

ON blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the show,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to
raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

JAMES THOMSON.

TRANSLATION.

(Lines written under a French Print showing Skaters.)

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A. SKATING SONG.

AWAY ! away ! our fires stream bright
 Along the frozen river ;
 And their arrowy sparkles of frosty light
 On the forest branches quiver.
 Away, away ! for the stars are forth,
 And on the pure snows of the valley,
 In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance —
 Come, let our comrades rally !

Away ! away ! o'er the sheeted ice,
 Away, away we go ;
 On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
 As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
 What though the sharp north winds are out,
 The skater heeds them not —
 'Midst the laugh and shout of the jocund rout,
 Grey winter is forgot.

.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
 By the side of the winter hearth ;
 Or 'neath the lamps of the festal halls,
 Seek for their share of mirth ;
 But as for me, away ! away !
 Where the merry skaters be —
 Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth
 ice glows,
 There is the place for me.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.

SONG ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER
OF BUCCLEUCH.

At the Great Football Match at Carterhaugh, 15 Dec., 1815.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons
extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain
descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the
game.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan
her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and
more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend
her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers
before!*

When the Southern invader spread waste and
disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and
withdrew,
For around them were marshalled the pride of
the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of
Buccleuch.

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne
her,
No mail-glove has grasped her, no spearmen
surround ;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should
scorn her
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the
ground.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, Home, Douglas,
and Car :
And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the
weather,
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on
heather,
And life is itself but a game at football.

And when it is over we'll drink a blithe
measure
To each laird and each lady that witnessed
our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our
pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that
have won.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and
Landward,
From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle-
nook ;
And huzza ! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch
and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and
the Duke !

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan
her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and
more ;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers
before !*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SNOWSHOEING SONG.

HILLOO, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
Gather, gather, ye men in white ;
The winds blow keenly, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lies firm and white ;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be over the hills to-night.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
Swiftly in single file we go,
The city is soon left far below,
Its countless lights like diamonds glow ;
And as we climb we hear the chime
Of church bells stealing o'er the snow.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
Like winding-sheet about the dead,
O'er hill and dale the snow is spread,
And silences our hurried tread ;
The pines bend low, and to and fro
The magpies toss their boughs o'erhead.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
We laugh to scorn the angry blast,
The mountain top is gained and past.
Descent begins, 't is ever fast —
One short quick run, and toil is done,
We reach the welcome inn at last.

Shake off, shake off the clinging snow ;
Unloose the shoe, the sash untie,
Fling toque and mittens lightly by ;
The chimney fire is blazing high,
And, richly stored, the festive board
Awaits the merry company.

Remove the fragments of the feast !
The steaming coffee, waiter, bring !
Now tell the tale, the chorus sing,
And let the laughter loudly ring ;
Here 's to our host, drink down the toast,
Then up ! for time is on the wing.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
The moon is sinking out of sight,
Across the sky dark clouds take flight,

And dimly looms the mountain height ;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be home again to-night.

ARTHUR WEIR.

SKATERS' SONG AT NIGHT.

WHEN glass-like glints the cracking ice
And shines a skater's paradise ;
When eager air breathes keen delight,
And diamonds dart from starlit night ;
Leave, leave your care ;
What sport so rare !

*Our blades they flash, our bodies swing,
Like Time and birds we're on the
wing ;
The frosty stars their music sing ;
And we — we'll make the welkin ring !*

For life's a day — a span — a song,
And fierce the fight 'twixt weak and strong ;
Youth's hour-glass swift its course doth run
From happy dawn till set of sun.
To joy give way,
While yet you may !

*Our blades they flash, our bodies swing,
Like Time and birds we're on the
wing ;
The frosty stars their music sing ;
And we — we'll make the welkin ring !*

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

FROM "THE LUGGIE."

Now underneath the ice the Luggie growls,
 And to the polished smoothness curlers come
 Rudely ambitious. Then for happy hours
 The clinking stones are slid from wary hands,
 And Barleycorn, best wine for surly airs,
 Bites i' the mouth, and ancient jokes are
 cracked.

And oh, the journey homeward, when the sun
 Low-rounding to the west, in ruddy glow
 Sinks large, and all the amber-skirted clouds,
 His flaming retinue, with darkening glow
 Diverge! The broom is brandished as the sign
 Of conquest, and impetuously they boast
 Of how this shot was played — with what a bend
 Peculiar — the perfection of all art —
 That stone came rolling grandly to the Tee
 With victory crowned, and flinging wide the
 rest

In lordly crash!

DAVID GRAY.

OLD SONG.

THUS all our life long we are frolic and gay,
 And, instead of Court-revels, we merrily play
 At Trap, at Rules, and at Barley-Break run;
 At Goff, and at Football, and when we have
 done

These innocent sports, we'll laugh and lie
 down.

ANONYMOUS, 1671.

SKATING SONG.

As swift and light as a bird in flight
She skims o'er the glistening lake,
And her skates keep time in a merry chime
To the music her red lips make;
Stray snowflakes fly from the frosty sky,
Caressing her cheeks and hair;
While sweet and strong in a skating song
Her voice rings on the air :

*Glow, moon, glow,
And twinkle, stars, on high ;
Blow, winds, blow,
As over the ice we fly !
Blow high — blow low —
No lass is cold
With a lover bold,
Heigho ! Heigho !*

With a swinging stride I gain her side,
And gather her hand in mine ;
And I shout aloud to the jocund crowd
A challenge they can't decline.
Hurrah for the race ! We set the pace.
With never a slip or fall,
And a click and a clash as our runners flash
Far in advance of all !

Hurrah ! Well done ! The race is won !
No further the need for haste ;
Then her roguish glance betrays the chance,
And my arm slips round her waist.

Oh, such the delight of a winter's night,
When the course is clear and long;
And the skates keep time in a merry chime
To the rollicking skating song:

*Glow, moon, glow,
And twinkle, stars, on high;
Blow, winds, blow,
As over the ice-we fly!
Blow high—blow low—
No lass is cold
With a lover bold,
Heigho! Heigho!*

ARTHUR GRISSOM.

BILL ASPLEN.

(For thirty years boatman to the C. U. B. C. Died 1890.)

WHAT, dear old Bill? Well, I might have known,
for the flags are all half-mast high;
The poor old chap had been ill for months, he
knew he was like to die;
But Bill was n't one to grumble, though he felt
that the end was near;
"I'll face it," he said, "as a boatman should,"
and he never gave way to fear,
And his rugged old face looked worn and wan,
and his honest eyes grew dim,
But he knew he had done his duty straight, and
that was enough for him.

He was only a boatman, true enough, but he
never was known to shirk ;
And with bolts and riggers and screws and
slides, it is n't the easiest work.
It was "lengthen my stretcher," or, " rasp my
oar," or, " Bill, you must plane my sill,"
Or, "raise my rigger a bare half-inch" — it was
always the same to Bill ;
For he answered them all with a cheery smile,
" 'T ain't much, sir, I 'll put it right,"
And whatever his hand could find to do, he did
it with all his might.

And winters in Cambridge are keen and cold,
and the bitter nor'-easters freeze ;
But Bill and his boat-hook were always there,
with his " Ready, gentlemen, please."
And he bustled about in his old blue cap, and
his scarf, and his ancient coat,
And the crew were always " the fastest lot that 's
ever sat in a boat." .
And if ever a veteran oar turned up, to see how
the boys could row,
" I 'm blest ! " said Bill, as he grasped his hand,
" if it ain't Mr. So-and-So.
Twenty years back ? It 's a precious lot ! Why
I thought it was only ten ;
But there 's one thing certain, sir, you and me,
we was both of us younger then.
Lor ! I remember how strong you were, and how
steady you rowed and long ;

But I think "—and the old face glowed with pride — "that the young 'uns are just as strong."

For Bill he was never a croaker, no, and nobody heard him say

That the best of rowing was done for quite when the fixed seats vanished away.

"They've been good 'uns as long as I've known 'em, sir, and I've known a proper few :

And I warrant there 'll always be good 'uns left to row in the Cambridge crew."

Polish? Not much, but who cares for that, if the heart be as true as steel,

And the kindly eyes look straight into yours, with a look you can almost feel ;

And the voice rings true in its welcome, though the sound be a trifle gruff ?

If that's what you call rough manners, I own I prefer them rough.

There 's many a nobleman, born and bred, with money in heaps to spend,

And a mincing voice and a shiny hat, and manners and style no end ;

But I know that if *they* went missing I should feel pretty happy still,

If I only could have another day and a shake of the hand with Bill.

Ah, well, good-bye to you, dear old friend, the
river won't seem the same
When another stands 'in the well-known place,
and is called by another name.
Here on the banks of the sluggish Cam the
best of your life was passed,
And I know when your strength was well-nigh
spent your thoughts turned here at the last.
Loyal and staunch as a man should be, with the
heart of a little child,
After weary months when the summons came
you folded your hands and smiled.
And I think that the Angel of Mercy who
stands on the topmost hill
Will stretch a hand, for he knows men's hearts,
to our dear old boatman Bill.

R. C. LEHMANN.

IS FOOTBALL PLAYING?

"Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN.

SMITH OF MAUDLIN.

My chums will burn their India weeds
The very night I pass away,
And cloud-propelling puff and puff
As white the thin smoke melts away ;
Then Jones of Wadham, eyes half-closed,
Rubbing the ten hairs on his chin,
Will say " This very pipe I use
Was poor old Smith's of Maudlin."

.

The boats are out ! — the arrowy rush,
The mad bull's jerk, the tiger's strength ;
The Balliol men have wopped the Queen's —
Hurrah ! but only by a length.
Dig on, ye muffs, ye cripples, dig !
Pull blind, till crimson sweats the skin ; —
The man who bobs and steers cries, " Oh,
For plucky Smith of Maudlin !"

.

But all this time beneath the sheet
I shall lie still, and free from pain,
Hearing the bed-makers sluff in
To gossip round the blinded pane ;
Try on my rings, sniff up my scent,
Feel in my pockets for my tin ;
While one hag says, " We all must die,
Just like this Smith of Maudlin."

WALTER THORNBURY.

GOLFING BY THE FIRE.

ERE yet the evening lights are lit,
When you beside the fender sit,
And all the dusking house is still,
Then give to Memory her will,
And with her buoyant backward go
To those dead days, a radiant span,
Shaped for the merriment of man,
Before the links were sown with snow !

How could a golfer's thews but thrive
From day-long brassie-stroke and drive ?
Two hundred yards — an added score !
Ah, how the smitten ball did soar !
And then, and then, was ever seen
Of skill a subtler showing made,
Since golfer at St. Andrew's played ? —
“ Dead ” by the hole upon the green !

Thus o'er and o'er your prowess some
Portentous hazard will o'ercome ;
From desperate, deep-sunken “ lies ”
As though by magic you will rise ;
And when at last you count the score,
Although you foozle at the start,
How you will thrill with pride at heart
To always be one up — or more !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG.

THE time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom Renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN.

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